CANADIAN JEWISH REVIEW

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Editorials

"TO BE OR NOT TO BE?"

Excerpt from Rosh Hashonah sermon

by Rabbi Maurice N. Eisendrath.

To answer the query "To Be or Not to Be?" which is being asked by so many Jews of our time; on the one hand, by tepid and timorous Jews: by supine and suppressed Jews, by disgruntled and dissatisfied Jews, by mothers ambitious for their daughters' social triumphs, by fathers eager for commercial success, by politicians seeking higher offices, by professional men desirous of wider recognition, by students craving collegiate honors or fraternity bids; and on the other hand by those sensitive and naive spirits who believe in the broad humanitarian principles trumpeted forth as the glowing ideals of our present civilization; by anxious parents fearful for their children's spiritual welfare in the rigid and restricted and warped atmosphere of prejudice; and by young men and women unprepared for the spiritual conflict which they discover for the first time in the fragile and sensitive years of their adolescence;—to answer this query, "To Be or Not To Be?" which is thus being asked on every hand, we must not merely point to the martyrdoms of our past, noble and inspiring as these may have been, for these poignant martyrdoms and piercing prejudices should rather be the concern of those godless generations upon whose conscience that century old stain of blood must forever rest. Not these poignant persecutions, therefore, should be our sole *raison d'être*, but rather should it be something like this:

In the dim and shadowy dawn of time, a group of Bedouin tribes rose for the first time above the environment of that desert land and age, rose above the superstitions and heathen practices of that day to a realization of the world as a Universe as a unified whole; to a recognition of a cosmos controlled by order and law; to an awareness that behind all that lives and moves, behind all reality, sun and stars and seas, planets and plants, animals and men, there is a Universal Will, an abiding Power, a living, surging, throbbing Spirit that makes it one, that in all the diversity of nature there is a mysterious and unfathomable unity and that in this unity all creation is One and Humanity is One.

Then in an age when Justice was rare and villainy was rife, through its prophetic genius it proclaimed that the world's foundation must rest eternally on Justice—on "Justice flowing forth like waters and righteousness like a welling stream"—then in an age when hatreds did abound and savage warfare was rampant, this people dreamed of a roseate dawn when "swords would be beaten into ploughshares and spears into pruning hooks, when nations would no longer lift up sword against nation, nor practice warfare any more." Then, in an age, when slavery was on every hand and the subjugation of captive peoples was the ambition of every power, the Jew entreated that "everyman should sit 'neath his own vine and fig tree, there being none to make him afraid:" In a day when men ground the poor into the dust of the earth and crushed the needy beneath the iron heel of power and wealth, this strange, this peculiar people proclaimed "all men as brethren, children of the one God who had created them all"; in a time when superstition darkened the earth and ignorance dulled men's minds, he envisaged a golden era when the "earth would be filled with the knowledge of God as the waters cover the sea."

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A CRITICS EXPLANATION

Rabbi Eisendrath's "interpretation" of his much-discussed and criticized editorial "We Pacifists" has a fine ring of sincerity, and we assume that no fair-minded person will hesitate to accept the assurance that the objectionable ideas ascribed to his statements do not correspond to his real thoughts on the subject.

It is indeed unfortunate that at this early stage of his career locally the Rabbi should have left himself open to serious misunderstanding. It is conceivable that upon his entry into the ministry here he is imbued with a high purpose and a genuine desire to be helpful in the various spheres of communal enterprise. Any situation which might have the effect of limiting his usefulness in this variegated community is therefore to be deplored.

That a lengthy interpretation was necessary to elucr the intended meaning of the first fateful editorial is in itself proof that there was warrant for the misunderstanding which it caused. After all it must occur to Rabbi Eisendrath that many of the people who were displeased with his article had no personal animus towards him, and had no personal motives for ranging against him.

Is it to be maintained that the entire crowd which raised the hue and cry were inordinately obtuse and simply could not understand plain English? Well, there were a good many people among them who are blessed with at least average intelligence. They are accustomed to reading literature and by and large may be presumed to have some idea of what they are reading. Their unanimity on the subject of the purport of the editorial establishes this much, that there must have been something in the article which would lead the average reader to place a certain construction on its meaning.

Rabbi Eisendrath says that in our rejoinder we constantly employed such terms as "inference", "suggestion", "innuendo", etc. This is quite true. We frankly admitted that we did not really understand the article. We were obliged to grope for a meaning, and we went so far as to liken the article unto a cross-word puzzle. When we could not discover any clear cut statements we had to do the next best thing and attempt to work out a meaning inferentially. It is true that we are not expert in doing cross-word puzzles, but we do make this solemn declaration before men and God that we have had some experience in deciphering specimens of very obstruse writing. Yes, we were candid. We did not say that "Rabbi Eisendrath said so and so". We said that there were inferences, suggestions, innuendo, etc. What could we do but look for these pitiable things when clear meaning was wanting.

All in all, it is clear that whether intentionally or not, the article in question has caused a large number of readers (including ourselves) to gather a certain meaning from it. And it is reasonable to suppose that just as the Jewish readers were apt to construe the editorial in a certain light, so were the non-Jewish readers apt to construe it in a similar light. Consider then the consequences of having an editorial appear in a widely-disseminated journal signed by a Rabbi, which when construed in a certain likely manner conveys the impression that the Jews in Palestine were

(Continued on page 24)

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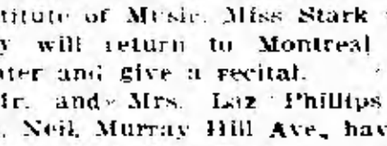

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MONTREAL SOCIAL

Mrs. Peter Bercovitch and daughter, Miss Ruth Bercovitch, have returned from a trip to New York.

Miss Frances Kellert will spend the holy days with her father, J. Kellert, Drummond street, returning to New York later.

Regina Seiden (Mrs. Eric Goldberg) Montreal artist, has returned after spending a year in France, Egypt and Palestine. She is visiting her mother, Mrs. J. Seiden, Mountain Avenue, and will be joined by her husband in December.

Miss Ethel Stark, who has spent several months at Carmel-By-The-Sea and other points in California, accompanied by Madame Leah Luboshitz, is returning to Philadelphia to resume her studies at the Curtis Institute of Music. Miss Stark probably will return to Montreal this winter and give a recital.

Mr. and Mrs. Laz Phillips and son, Neil, Murray Hill Ave., have returned from New York and Atlantic City.

Mr. and Mrs. M. Dobrofsky and son, Lou, are back from their country home, at Dorval, Que.

Mrs. A. J. Alexandor and Miss Huldah Alexandor, Victoria Ave., came home from Europe where they have been travelling since June.

Mrs. David H. Ballon and children have returned home from Lake Placid, where they spent the summer months.

Miss Elearnor Horwitz, Hutchison Street, has returned from a trip to Washington, D. C., and Brooklyn, N. Y.

Mr. and Mrs. A. Katz, of Winnipeg, are visiting their mother, Mrs. E. N. Levy, Park Avenue.

Mrs. P. Lewis, Miss Freda Lewis, C. J. Lewis, H. H. Lewis, and M. Raisman have returned from a motor trip to New York.

William Hoffman, Winchester Avenue, has left for New York.

Mr. and Mrs. M. Dobrofsky are spending the high holidays in Mt. Vernon, N. Y., visiting Mr. and Mrs. F. Starkman.

Mr. and Mrs. Gordon Lipsey, Strathcona Avenue, came home from a motor trip to New York.

Mrs. Joseph Cohen, Marlowe Avenue, entertained at the tea hour Thursday, September 27, for Miss Zella Bronfman, a bride-elect of October 15.

Mr. and Mrs. L. M. Asch, of Cincinnati, spent the holidays with Mr. and Mrs. M. Asch, Lansdowne Avenue.

Miss Bertha Bernstein, Canning Street, entertained at the tea hour, Saturday afternoon, October 5. Mesdames Alex Greenberg, William Ghserman, and J. Pollack, and Misses Jane Bress, Eva and Rae Bindman, Jennie Bernstein, Mollie Jaslow, Lillie Siegel, Jennie Lecker, and Pearl Bernstein.

Mrs. J. W. Aizer and Miss Bee Cooperman were hostesses at a bridge and personal shower at Horn's Cafeteria Monday, September 30, in compliment to Miss Fay Maxur, a bride-elect of November 3. Prizes were won by Mesdames M. Aizer, C. Feldman, S. Stein and I. Grotsky, and Misses Stella Wolman, and Ida Schwartz. Misses I. Silverman, Libbie Cohen, Annie Zelman, Sarah Backler, Etta Baum, Mary Wolman, Ida Wolman, Bella Goodkowsky, Bea Goldapple, Bea Cooperman, and Mesdames L. Cohen, M. Wolman, N. Wolman, R. Rudolph, H. Cooperman, and M. Maxur were there.

Mr. and Mrs. Louis Shain, of Boston, Mass., are visiting Mr. and Mrs. M. Gameroff, 59 Brodeur Avenue, for ten days.

Jesse Ditcovitch, of Hamilton, who spent the holiday week-end with his parents, Mr. and Mrs. J. Ditcovitch, Sommerville Avenue, has returned.

Miss Jean Cuttler, De Bullion St., entertained Sunday, October 6, Misses Cecile Beratein, Betty Indik, Sally Polishuk, Pearl Rumanek, Rae Rodman, Faye Shapiro, Rae Pollshuk; and Lou Dobrofsky, Harry Oberfeld, Israel Esar, Nat Wisebord, Moe Carmey, Max Rosen, Al Shetzer and Ed Wallace. Harry Oberfeld played the piano; Ed Wallace, Jean Cutler and Al Shetzer sang; Rae Rodman and Rae Polishuk entertained with a short sketch.

SIMCHAS TORAH DANCE

Bnai Brith, Mount Royal Lodge, 729, is issuing invitations for a Simchas Torah celebration and informal dance, at the Mount Royal Hotel Sunday evening, October 27th. Buffet supper at mid-night. S. W. Decker is chairman of the publicity committee.

Adolph Lewisohn, well-known philanthropist of New York, on his eightieth birthday which occurred recently, gave $30,000 to endow a fellowship at the William Holland Wilmer Ophthalmological Institute at the Johns Hopkins Hospital.

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HADASSAH

The Palestinian Fair, Montreal Hadassah's undertaking, takes place Tuesday and Wednesday, November 26th and 27th, at the Windsor Hotel. Mrs. E. G. Bernstein is convenor. The proceeds will go to assist sufferers in Palestine.

Central Chapter of Hadassah held an at home Monday evening, October 7, at the home of Mrs. H. M. Lavinoff, Bloomfield Avenue, Mrs. H. Rosenbaum presiding. Mrs. H. H. Livingstone spoke. Two bridges will be held monthly, the first one at Zionist Headquarters Monday, October 21. Mrs. M. E. Stein donated $5 to the chapter. Mrs. Rosenbaum thanked the hostess. Tickets for the bazaar were distributed.

Members of Rebecca Berger Chapter were guests of Young Ladies Zionist Chapter October 7th, at the home of Mrs. I. B. Fainer, 4634 Hutchison Street, Mrs. E. Genser presiding. Mrs. L. Herzig introduced Mrs. M. H. Cohen, registration Chairman of Montreal Hadassah, who is visiting the Chapters to talk on registration. Mrs. L. Stober (of Rebecca Berger Chapter) and Mrs. E. Genser (of Y.L.Z. Chapter) spoke. Mrs. S. Jaffe and Mrs. S. Kahn talked to the members about Palestine. Mrs. S. Fine of Rebecca Berger Chapter, and Mrs. Wm. Rivenovitch of the Y.L.Z. Chapter, read an article by Harry Sacher on the "Outbreak in Palestine." Tea money, $3.7..

Miriam Lower Chapter of Hadassah met Monday, September 30, at the home of Mrs. B. Chazan, 27 Lafolette Avenue. Mrs. M. Levy presided. Mrs. S. B. Coen played two pianoforte selections. A motion was made and carried that "Hatikvah" be sung at the close of every meeting. Next meeting at the home of Mrs. S. B. Coen, 805 McEachran Avenue.

Miriam Brainin Ortenberg Chapter met at the home of Mrs. A. Fourkin, 5170 Park Avenue, Monday afternoon, October 7th, with Mrs. I. B. Goldstein in the chair. The Palestinian Fair was discussed and different arrangements made. Mrs. F. Harris urged the members to attend to donations immediately. Next meeting Monday, October 21st., at the home of Mrs. M. Held, 463 Wiseman Avenue, at a shower for the Smoke Booth. Musical program.

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DIES OF INJURIES

Almost 24 hours after he had been knocked down by a runaway horse on Fairmount street, Jacob Abinovitch, 70, 5179 Esplanade street, died from effects of internal injuries in the Royal Victoria Hospital Sunday. A verdict of accidental death was rendered in the case by a coroner's jury. From evidence produced by various witnesses, Abinovitch while about to walk across the entrance of a laneway on Fairmount street, happened to be in the path of a driverless horse and buggy that turned abruptly into the lane. The man attempted to get out of the way by running into the lane, but the galloping horse ran in his direction and he was knocked down. He was taken to a nearby drug store where after receiving medical treatment he returned to his home. Late Friday evening he complained of pains in the stomach, and he was taken to the hospital, where he died at 11 o'clock Sunday morning.

Deaths

The death of Mrs. Gertrude Shapiro, occurred Sunday night, October 6, at her home, 376 Redfern Avenue, Westmount.

Born in Scotland, in 1874, Mrs. Shapiro emigrated to this country forty years ago. She was a member of Shaar Hashomayim Synagogue, being associated with the Sisterhood and the burial committee, and belonged to Hadassah. She was connected also with the Hebrew Orphans' Home. Thirty-eight years ago she married David Shapiro, by whom she is survived, and she leaves one daughter, Evelyn. Surviving her are one sister, Mrs. Michael Raff, of Montreal; three brothers, Moses, of New York; Jacob, of Chicago; and David H. Shapiro, of Montreal. Rabbi H. Abramowitz officiated at the funeral service Tuesday at 2.30 p.m. Burial in Shaar Hashomayim Cemetery.

Engagements

Mr. and Mrs. H. Glasberg and Mr. and Mrs. A. Glasberg announce the engagement of their niece, Celia, to Sam Simon, of Halifax, N. S.

Mr. and Mrs. A. J. Goldner, Hutchison Street, announce the engagement of their daughter, Claudia, to Leonard, son of Mr. and Mrs. D. Rosenblatt. Marriage early in November.

Mr. and Mrs. P. Rabinovitch announce the engagement of their eldest son, Harry, to Edith, only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Charles Okun, of New York. Wedding early in December.

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Jews and Arabs Disappointed by Government Delays

Although it is already the sixth week since the disturbances which began in Jerusalem and then spread through the entire country first broke out, the state of public security is still unrestored.

Despite the presence of British troops and additional British police, many instances of sniping, constituting a sort of guerilla warfare are reported in all sections of the country. In Jerusalem alone two Jews died in hospitals this week, one of them mysteriously shot and the other stabbed. Both attacks took place at night and the assailants escaped.

The police commissioner has threatened to return the curfew hour to 6 P. M. instead of 9, as at present, if one more instance of sniping occurs in Jerusalem.

In Northern Palestine, where many Jewish colonies are located, Bedouin raids for the purpose of looting and burning crops are reported.

As a result of these reports the population is still terrified and panic is constantly breaking out in different cities. A slight argument or quarrel, even among Arabs only or Jews only, is sufficient cause for all shops in a neighborhood to be closed and every one to begin running in all directions.

Within the past forty-eight hours false alarms causing panic have arisen in both Jaffa and Jerusalem, with the result that two Jews were wounded in Jaffa and one in Jerusalem.

Because of the government's delay in bringing about a settlement of the situation and because both Jews and Arabs are receiving encouragement and support from their co-religionists outside of Palestine and as result of the many instances of sniping tension in the past week has been greater than at any time since the first days of the disturbances. The consensus is that only a tiny spark is necessary to rekindle the smoldering flames.

One of the principal weapons being used by each side against the other, and which is proving more irritating than anything else, is the mutual boycott declared by both Jews and Arabs. The Jews refuse to buy any vegetables, fruit, meat or fowl from Arab peasants and the Arabs will not enter a Jewish shop. Arab pickets are posted outside of almost every Jewish store to prevent their kinsmen entering.

Although this has been going on for more than a month it seems to be growing stronger daily, with no signs of a let-up yet. At different meetings called by government authorities to which they invited representatives of both sides in order to end the boycott, the Jews signed a statement declaring their willingness to end it, but the Arabs refused to follow suit.

In addition to finding fault with each other, both Jews and Arabs are dissatisfied by the attitude and actions of the government. The Jews say the government is exceedingly slow and lenient in dealing with and punishing Arab attackers. Despite the fact that more than 200 persons were killed throughout the country, only thirty persons thus far have been arrested and charged with murder and not one has been tried and punished.

The Arabs, on the other hand, complain that the government has been entirely too severe and too partial in the judgments against those already tried, mostly for looting and possessing firearms. Great disappointment was felt by both sides also on the announcement this week that the arrival of the inquiry commission had been postponed. All are afraid that the opportunities for taking testimony and obtaining evidence may be lost later. It is understood that the government, as well as Jews and Arabs, are to be represented by counsel coming from England especially for this hearing.

It is now openly admitted that the fundamental cause of these riots was a revolt by Arabs against Zionism and the alleged Zionist policy of the government. The immediate problem facing both sides is what solution can be found.

Mogannam, one of the secretaries of the Palestine Arab executive, when questioned by your correspondent as to what the Arab demands were, replied:

"What we want from the British Government is the retraction of the Balfour declaration and the establishment of a national democratic government here. Jews always have lived in this country and we are willing to allow them here, but Palestine cannot become 'the' Jewish national home, for the land rightly belongs to us who have been living here for many centuries. Immigration should be in accordance with what the economic condition of the country allows."

Mogannam further stated that Zionist "arrogance" and ignoring of the fact that more than 700,000 Arabs are living in the country caused the Arabs to awaken to a realization of their danger.

Jewish leaders, on the other hand, contend that they have the assurances of the League of Nations of the British mandate to carry out the Balfour declaration, and now more than ever they intend to carry on, redoubling their efforts to establish a Jewish national home here. They, too, see no reason why Jews and Arabs cannot live together peacably even when this should become a Jewish national home.

Both sides agree that Great Britain must decide now, once for all, the exact status of Palestine and its inhabitants.

Temple Emanu-El
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Rabbi Harry J. Stern

Sabbath Shuba services, Friday October 11th, at 8:15 p. m. Sermon "Hosea's God Concept," Yom Kippur services Sunday, October 13th at 7:30 p. m., "Kol Nidre" at 7:45 p. m. Sermon, "How Can We Atone?" Yom Kippur Day services Monday October 14th, at 10:30 a. m. Sermon, "Reflection on the Book of Jonah." Children's services at 1 p. m. Sermon by Dr. L. Bercovitch, services by Arthur S. Jacob. Music by children's choir in charge of Miss Evelyn Benjamin. Holiday music in charge of Geo. Brewer, organist and choir master. Memorial services about 4 p. m.

College of Jewish Studies registration Monday evening, October 23th. Members of the faculty and courses offered:

The Bible in the Light of Ancient Monuments, Prof. Brodie Brockwell; Judaism—Its Theology, Institutions, Beliefs, Customs and Ceremonials, Rabbi H. J. Stern; Comparative Religion, special lectures by representatives of the great religious movements; Jewish History commencing 586 B. C. E., Rabbi Julius Berger. The Legal and Social Enactments of the Jews, Nathan Gordon, K.C.; Elementary Hebrew, Hirsh Rosenfeld; Advanced Hebrew, Jacob Benson; Jewish Community Problems and Social Service, Louis Schwartz. A special lecture course will also be given on Jewish education, and on Yiddish and Hebrew Literature. Hours and lecturers to be arranged for. All courses in the College are open to the general public for their cultural and instructional value. Regular students are required to attend College every Monday night.

Tuition in the College is free, and a nominal registration fee of $1 per person is charged to all who register. The College of Jewish Studies is made possible through the generosity of A. Sommer, honorary trustee of Temple Emanu-El.

School of Religion sessions in all departments, Sunday October 13th. Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Simon presented a pulpit desk and pulpit chairs to the Temple in memory of departed ones. These gifts were accepted on behalf of the Congregation at the Rosh Hashonah services by Nathan Gordon, president of the Temple.

Sisterhood food sale November 19th, at Victoria Hall.

Ushers during the high holidays: Joe Laing, Joe Horwitz, Jason Neumann, Joe Frankel, Bernard Kruger, Lou Lazarus and Arthur S. Jacobs.

New members of the Temple: Samuel Zion, Jack Wolfe, Gerald Wolfe, L. Bernstein, David Wolfe, Morris Simon, Samuel Fenster, Louis Goodman, E. Regal, Joseph Moss, Harry Pickelman, Louis Stein, Harry Foreman, Gerald B. Fels, Joe Lightstone, Harry Rosenthal.

Shaar Hashomayim, Rabbi Herman Abramowitz, Coté St. Antoine Road, Corner Kensington.

Enrollment in the Courses for Adults begin Monday evening, October 21st. Opening session Wednesday evening, October 30th. Courses: Jewish History, from the beginnings to the Destruction of the Second Temple, Harvey Golden; Parties and Movements in Jewish History, Rabbi Charles Bender; Jewish Life, Its Customs and Institutions, Rabbi H. Abramowitz; Current Jewish Events, Rabbi H. Abramowitz; Jewish Book Club, Lazarus Phillips; Palestine—Its Past and Present-Day Significance, I. M. Konowitz. Arrangements are being completed for courses in Hebrew, and the Bible (in English). Additional courses will be offered upon request of a sufficient number enrolling. Lectures will be given on "Choosing a Profession," dealing with law, medicine, science, education, etc. The class in Jewish history that met last year with Rabbi Bender at Shearith Israel Synagogue will meet jointly with Shaar Hashomayim class.

The classes of the Sunday School will not meet this coming Sunday morning, erev Yom Kippur. Sunday School sessions first Sunday after Succoth, November 3rd.

Week-day sessions of the Hebrew School are being held without interruption during the holiday season. Registration daily, 10-12 a. m., and 2-4 p. m. Hebrew instruction in the home, given by members of the teaching staff.

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MEMBERSHIP CAMPAIGN

The objective of the membership campaign of the Baron de Hirsch Boys' Club is to secure a fund of $ to cover the cultural activities of the organization. The membership has been divided into donors, sustaining annual members, and ordinary annual members. The Campaign Committee acknowledges contributions from Clarence Michaels, Bronfman H M Rabstein, A. Lapsky, C. B. Fainer an anonymous friend, Samuel W. Lavington, A. Sommer, Alderman Joseph Ouellet and Clarence H Goldstein. Information from Harry Shayne, Chairman, c/o Baron de Hirsch Institute, 2040 Bleury Street.

Y. M. H. A. RECITAL

Sunday night, October 27th the Young Men's Hebrew Association will present to the Montreal public the first of a series of folk song concert recitals. The artists will be Al Harris and Madame Stromberg. The program will consist largely of offerings from classical Jewish humorists, and dramatic writers, with a large portion of the evening devoted to the "Jewish Mark Twain," Sholom Aleichem. There will also be some Scotch and Negro melodies. Chassidic songs will be given by Madame Stromberg and Yiddish interpretations by Al Harris. Wed. October 16th, a dramatic rally will be held in the Auditorium to organize dramatic groups and groups for the allied stage arts. Rupert Caplan will direct the English Section of the Y.M.H.A. Dramatics, Jos. Gordon will assume charge of the Yiddish Section of the Department. There will be five dramatic evenings, Mr. Caplan plans to organize popular instruction classes in all the stage arts and to run rehearsals through the season.

TO PRESENT PLAYS

The Juvenile Branch of the Little Theatre Players will give their first performance of the season in Victoria Hall, Saturday, October 19, at 2.30 p. m. The plays to be presented are "The Golden Locket" "The Runaway Cake" and the balcony scene from "Romeo and Juliet." Among those taking part are Clarice Solomons, Phyllis Fitch, Louise Goldenstein, Edythe Bieber, and Pansy Goldenberg. The leading part in the "Golden Locket" will be taken by Clarice Solomons as Truelove Hilton.

ASTORIA DANCE SPORT CLUB

The Astoria Dance Sport Club met at the home of Jack Hankin, 5117 St. Urbain Street Tuesday evening, October 3. Harold Singer president, opened the meeting. Louis Shapiro, read the minutes of the previous meeting, in the absence of the secretary, Moe Shapiro. Jack Mindlin, social manager, reported on the club dance. Each member will be given tickets to sell at the next meeting, Tuesday October 8. The dance will be held at the Rialto Hall, Park Avenue, November 23. Max Pearson, sport manager, reported that he had prospects of three gymnasiums. Raymond Veiner reported all members present. Max Pearson suggested that all members of the Club join the Y.M.H.A. Mal Sacks, treasurer, collected dues.

HE FOLLOWED INSTRUCTIONS

Eckstein, the new traveling salesman, was called in to the boss's office for final instructions before going out on the road.

"You are now going to the small town of N——," said the boss. "You will arrive exactly at 12:45 p.m. Immediately go into the restaurant where you will refresh yourself with some bouillon, as well as take a little rest. While from the proprietor you can find out the exact address of our customer whose name I am giving you. Then go over to him greet him in a friendly manner and get the order which I am sure he will give you, as he is always satisfied with our quality and service. In any event, you should wire me the outcome of your trip before the day is over. I will be waiting at the office for your telegram as I want to ship this order today yet."

Eckstein left, and the boss waited. He waited until five o'clock and still no telegram from Eckstein. He decided to wait until six, and still no telegram. Filled with rage, he waited until seven, and then, just as he was leaving in disgust, the long-awaited wire from Eckstein arrived. It read:

"Could not get any bouillon in the whole city of N——."

FRENCH PLAYERS AT HIS MAJESTY'S

Eve Francis, the distinguished French dramatic star from Paris and her French players will perform at His Majesty's Theatre the week of October 16. They will present P. Frondaie's "L'Insoumise"; E. Bourdet's "L'Homme Enchaîné" and "Le Renard Bleu" by Hertog and Saudet.

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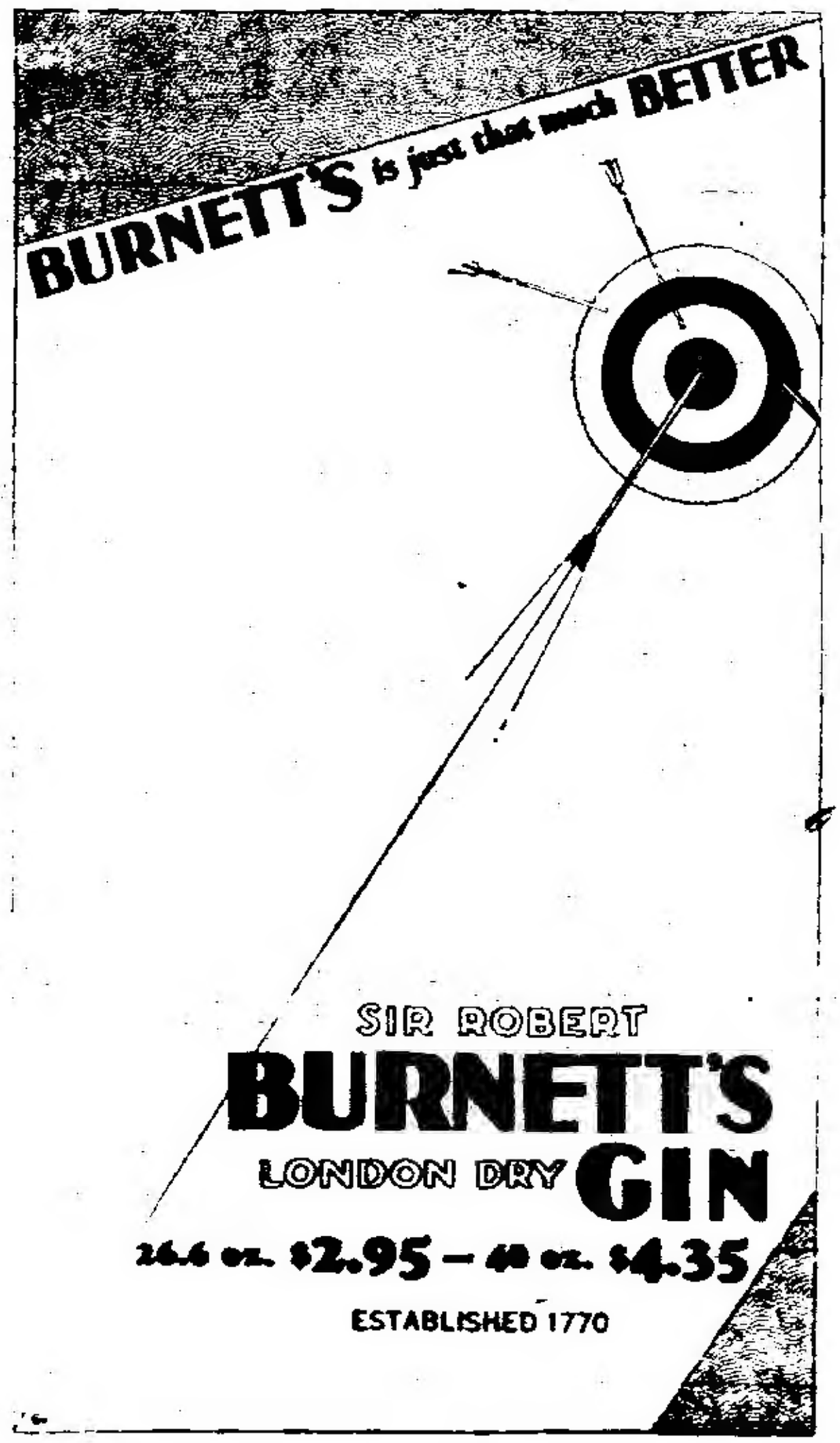

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(Continued from last week)

I rose to go. As I picked my way through the crowd I watched Miss Tevkin, who sat between Miss Siegel and one of their cavaliers. Our eyes met, but she hastened to look away.

"She has certainly made up her mind to shun me," I thought, wretchedly. "She knows I am worth about a million, and yet she does not want to have anything to do with me. Must be a Socialist. The idea of a typewriter girl cutting me! Pooh! I could get a prettier girl than she, and one well-educated, too, if I only cared for that kind of thing in a wife. Let her stick to her beggarly crowd!"

It all seemed so ridiculous. I was baffled, perplexed, full of contempt and misery at once. "Perhaps she is engaged after all," I comforted myself, feeling that there was anything but comfort in the reflection.

I was burning to have an explanation with her, to remove any bad impression I might have made upon her.

An asphalt walk in front of the pavilion and the adjoining section of the lawn were astir with boarders. A tall woman of thirty, of excellent figure, and all but naked, passed along like a flame, the men frankly gloating over her flesh.

"Wait a moment! What's your hurry?" a young stallion shouted, running after her hungrily.

In another spot, on the lawn, I saw a young man in evening dress chaffing a bare-shouldered girl who looked no more than fifteen.

"What! Sweet sixteen and not yet kissed?" he said to her, aloud. "Go on! I don't believe it. Anyhow, I'd like to be the fellow who's going to get you."

"Would you? I'll tell your wife about it," the little girl replied, with the good humor of a woman of forty.

"Never mind my wife. But how about the fellow who is going to marry you?"

"I'd like to see him myself, I hope he ain't going to be some boob."

The air was redolent of grass, flowers, ozone, and sex. All this was flavored with Miss Tevkin's antipathy for me.

CHAPTER V

The next morning I awoke utterly out of sorts. That I was going to take the first train for Tannersville seemed to be a matter of course, and yet I knew that I was not going to take that train, nor any other that day. I dressed myself and went out for a walk up the road, some distance beyond the grove. The sun was out, but it had rained all night and the sandy road was damp, solid, and smooth, like baked clay. It was half an hour before breakfast-time when I returned to my cottage across the road from the hotel. As I was about to take a chair on the tiny porch I perceived the sunlit figure of Miss Tevkin in the distance. She wore a large sailor hat and I thought it greatly enhanced the effect of her tall figure. She was making her way over a shaky little bridge. Then, reaching the road, she turned into it. I remained standing like one transfixed. The distance gave her new fascination. Every little while she would pause to look up through something that glittered in the sunshine, apparently an opera-glass. I had never heard that opera-glasses were used for observing birds, but this was evidently what she was doing at this moment, and the proceeding quickened my sense not only of her intellectual refinement, but also of her social distinction. Presently she turned into a byway, passed the grove, and was lost to view.

I seated myself, my eye on the spot where I had seen her disappear. Somebody greeted me from the hotel lawn. I returned the salutation mechanically and went on gazing at that spot. I knew that I was making a fool of myself, but I could not help it. My will-power was gone as it might from the effect of some drug.

When she reappeared at last and I saw her coming back I crossed over to the hotel veranda so as to be near her when she should arrive. I found several of the boarders there, including the lawyer, the photographer, and a jewelry merchant of my acquaintance. We all watched her coming. At one moment, as she leveled her opera-glass at a bird, the lawyer said:

"Studying birds. She's a great girl for studying. She is."

"Studying nothing!" the photographer jeered. "It's simply becoming to her. It's effective, don't you know."

The lawyer smiled sagely, as if what Mendelson said was precisely what he himself had meant to intimate.

I was inclined to think that Mendelson was right, but this did not detract from the force that drew me to Miss Tevkin.

When she reached the veranda the lawyer gallantly offered her a chair, but she declined it, pleasantly, and went indoors. Her high heels had left deep, clear-cut imprints in a small patch of damp, sandy ground near the veranda. This physical trace of her person fascinated me. It was a trace of stern hostility, yet I could not keep my eye away from it. I gazed and gazed at those footprints of hers till I seemed to be growing stupid and dizzy. "Am I losing my head?" I said to myself. "Am I obsessed? Why, I saw her yesterday for the first time and I have scarcely spoken to her. What the devil is the matter with me?"

After breakfast we returned to the veranda. The jewelry-dealer and the lawyer bored me unmercifully. Finally I was saved from them by the arrival of the Sunday papers, but my reading was soon disturbed by the intrusions of a mother and her marriageable daughter. There was no escape. I had to lay down my paper and let them torture me. There was a striking family resemblance between the two, yet the daughter was as homely as the mother was pretty. "She isn't as prepossessing as her ma, of course," the older woman seemed to be saying to me, "but she's charming, all the same, isn't she?"

Miss Lazar was watching me at a respectful distance. Mrs. Kalch was deep in a game of pinochle in a small ground-floor room that gave out on the veranda. The window was open and I could hear Mrs. Kalch's voice. She seemed to have been losing. The little room, by the way, was used both as a synagogue and a gambling-room. In the mornings, before breakfast, it was filled with old men in praying-shawls and phylacteries, while the rest of the day, until late at night, it was in the possession of card-players.

I wanted to wire Bender to send a message to Fanny, in my name, stating that I had been unavoidably detained in the city, but I lacked the energy to do so. I had not even the energy to extricate myself from the attentions of the pretty mother of the homely girl.

That charity meeting bothered me more than anything else. One was apt to impute my absence to meanness. I pictured Kaplan's disappointment, and I felt like going to Tannersville for his sake, if for no other reason. The next best thing would have been to

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A New Department

Canada's trade and industry have made remarkable strides during the past decade and, keeping pace with such progress, the securities of leading Canadian enterprises have reflected marked appreciation marketwise. The number of investors has grown proportionately and it may be said that Canada has truly become a nation of investors. In recognition of this wide interest in matters pertaining to investment, THE JEWISH REVIEW has decided to publish a page every week devoted to news and comment on the principal developments in the world of finance. The financial page will be edited by those experienced in financial affairs, and will be inaugurated in an early issue.

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gave Bender wire my contribution to each of the two funds. But I did not stir.

The hotel-keeper came out to remind me of my train.

"Thank you," I said, with a smile. "But the weather is too confoundedly good. I'm too lazy to leave your place, Rivesman. You must have ordered this weather on purpose to detain me."

I was hoping, of course, that my presence in this hotel would be unknown to the Kaplans, for some time, at least. Soon, however, something happened which made it inevitable that they should hear of it that very evening.

On Sundays the Jewish summer hotels are usually visited by committees of various philanthropic institutions who go from place to place making speeches and collecting donations. One such committee appeared in the dining-room of the Rigi Kulm at the dinner-hour, which on Sundays was between 1 and 3. It represented a day nursery, an establishment where the children of the East Side poor are taken care of while their mothers are at work, and it consisted of two men, one of whom was an eloquent young rabbi. As the ecclesiastic took his stand near the piano and began his appeal my heart sank within me. I had once met him at Kaplan's house, where he was a frequent visitor, and had given him a check. It goes without saying that I had to give him a contribution now and to talk to him. At last I learned, to my consternation, that he was going to Tannersville that very afternoon.

"Shall I convey your regards?" he asked.

"Every kind of you," I answered, and added in an undertone, out of Mr. Kaplan's hearing, "Please tell Mr. Kaplan I'm here on an important matter and that I have been detained longer than I expected."

When he had gone over to the next table I said to myself: "I don't care. Don't what may."

In the evening, as the crowd trickled out of the dining-room, it was greeted by a gorgeous sunset. Everybody appreciated its beauty, but Miss Tevkin and Miss Siegel went into ecstasies over it, with something of the specialist in their exclamations. As for me, it was the first rich sunset I had seen since I crossed the ocean, and then I had scarcely known what it was. The play of color and light in the sky was a revelation to me. The edge of the sun, a vivid red, was peeping out of a gray patch of cloud that looked like a sack, the sack hanging with its mouth downward and the red disk slowly emerging from it. Spread directly underneath was a pool of molten gold into which the sun was seemingly about to drop. As the disk continued to glide out of the bag it gradually grew into a huge fiery ball of magnificent crimson, suffusing the valley with divine light. At the moment when it was just going to plunge into the golden pool the pool vanished. The crimson ball kept sinking until it was buried in a region of darkness. When the last fiery speck of it disappeared the sky broke into an evensong of color so solemn, so pensive that my wretched mood interpreted it as a visible dirge for the dead sun. Rose lapsed into purple, purple merged into blue, the blue bordering on a field of hammered gold that was changing shape and hues all of which was eloquent of sadness. It seemed as though the heavens were in an ecstasy of grief and everybody about me were about to break into tears.

"Ah!" some of the old women gasped. "How nice!"

"Isn't it lovely?" said several girls.

"Isn't that glorious?" said Miss Tevkin. "It's one of the most exquisite sunsets I have seen in a long time." And she referred to certain "effects" apparently in the work of a well-known landscape painter, which I did not understand.

I discovered a note of consciousness in her rapture, something like a patronizing approval of the sky by one who looked at it with a professional eye. Nevertheless, I felt that my poor soul was cringing before her.

An epigram occurred to me, something about the discrepancy between the spiritual quality of the sunset and the after-supper satisfaction of the onlookers. I essayed to express it, but was so embarrassed that I made a muddle of my English. Miss Tevkin took no notice of the remark.

The sunset was transformed into a thousand lumps of pearl, here and there edged with flame. In some places the pearl thinned away, dissolving into the color of the sky, while the outline of the lump remained—a map of glowing tracery on a ground of the subtlest blue. Drifts of gold were gleaming, blazing, going out. A vast heap of silver caught fire. The outlined map disappeared, its place being taken by a raised one, with continents, islands, mountains, and seas of ravishing azure.

What was the power behind this sublime spectacle? Where did it come from? What did it all mean? I visioned a chorus of angels. My heart was full of God, full of that stately girl, full of misery.

"If I only got a chance to have a decent talk with her!" I said to myself again and again.

CHAPTER VI

It was Monday afternoon. The week-end boarders and many others had left, and I was still idling my precious time away on the big veranda, listening to the gossip of women who bored me and trying to keep track of a girl who shunned me. My establishment in New York was feverishly busy and my presence was urgently needed there. It was more than probable that Bender had wired to Tannersville to call me home. The situation was extremely awkward. Moreover, I was beginning to feel uneasy about certain payments that required my personal attendance.

It was a quiet, pleasant afternoon. The boarders were scattered over the various parts of the hotel and its surroundings. Twenty-four of them, forming two coach parties, had gone to see some celebrated Catskill views, one to the Old Mountain House and the other to East Windham. Some were in the village. Miss Tevkin, wearing her immense straw hat, and with her opera-glass in her hand, was looking at birds in the vicinity of the hotel. Thus rambling about leisurely, she sauntered over to the main road near the grove. A few minutes later she turned into the same path where I had watched her disappear on the morning of the day before. And once more I saw her vanish there.

I went out for a walk in the opposite direction. Soon, however, I turned back, strolling with studied aimlessness, toward that spot.

What was my purpose? At first I did not know, but by little and little, as I moved along, an idea took shape in my brain: If I met her alone I might force her to listen to me and let her see the stuff I was made of. I lacked courage, however. While I was priming myself for the coup I wished that it would be postponed. I dawdled. There were swarms of strange insects on the road, creatures I had never seen before. At first I thought they were grasshoppers, but they were gray and had wings. Every now and then I would pause to watch them leap (or were they flying?) and drop to the ground again, becoming part of the dusty road. I followed them with genuine interest, yet all the time I kept working on the speech that I was going to deliver to Miss Tevkin.

I was lingering at a spot a few yards from the grove on the opposite side of the main road when suddenly twilight fell over half of the valley. I raised my eyes. Behold! an inky cloud was crawling over the mountains, growing in size as it advanced. A flash of lightning snapped across the heavens. It was as though the sky screened a world of dazzling glory into which a glimpse had now been offered by a momentary crack in the screen. The flash was followed by a devout peal of thunder, as if a giant whose abode was in those dark clouds broke into a murmur of glorification at sight of the splendors above the sky. The trees shuddered, awe-stricken. I went under cover. A farmer was chasing a cow. As my eyes turned toward the grove they fell on Miss Tevkin, who was standing at the farther end of it, under its

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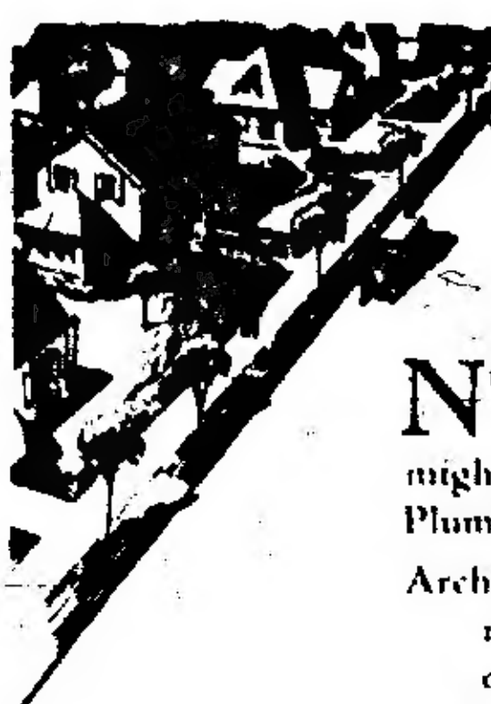

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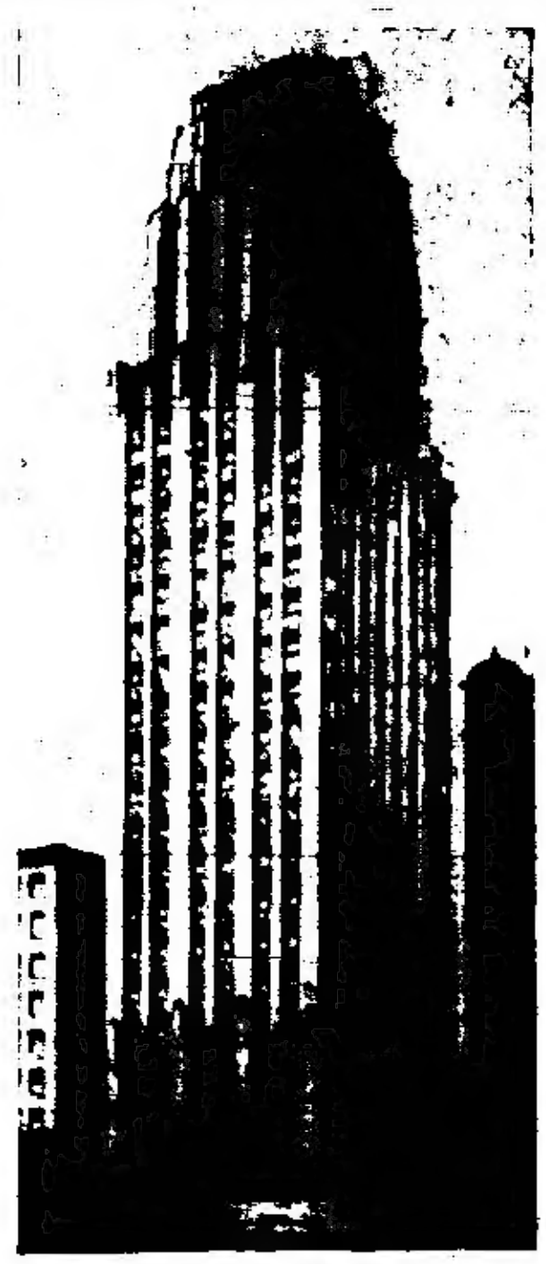

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feet roof, facing the main road. My heart beat fast. I dared not stir.

A shower broke loose, a great, torrential downpour. It came in sheets, with an impetuous though genial clatter. It seemed as though the valley was swiftly filling with water and in less than an hour's time it would reach the tops of the trees. I thought of Noah's flood. I could almost see his dove winging her way over the waters. The storm had been in progress but seven or eight minutes when it came to an end. The sky broke into a smile as soon as it had all been a joke.

Miss Trykin left the shelter of the trees and set out in the direction of the hotel. I do not know whether she was aware of my proximity.

It was clearing beautifully, when a new cloud gathered. This time a great, [illegible] vengeful came into [illegible]. A flash of [illegible] and [illegible] ment with frantic suddenness, shattering it into a myriad of blinding sparks, yet leaving it uninjured. There was a pause and then came a ferocious crash. The universe was falling to pieces. Then somebody seemed to be tearing an inner heaven of metal as one tears a sheet of linen. This released a torrent that descended with the roar of Niagara, as though the metal vault that had just been rent asunder had been its prison. Miss Trykin ran back to cover. The torrent slackened, settling down to a steady rain, spirited, nevertheless amicable again.

In a turmoil of agitation I crossed over to her. Instead, however, of beginning at the beginning of my well-prepared little speech, I blurted out something else.

"You can't run away from me now," I said, with timid flippancy.

"Please leave me alone," she begged, turning away.

I was literally stunned. Instead of trying to say what I had in my mind and to force her to listen, I slunk away, in the rain, like a beaten dog.

The shock seemed to have a sobering effect on me. I suddenly realised the imbecility of the part I had been playing, even the humor of it. The first thing I did upon reaching the hotel was to ask the clerk about the next train—not to Tannersville, but direct to New York. Going to see Fanny was out of the question now.

There was a late train connecting with a Hudson River boat and I took it.

CHAPTER VII

When I got home and my business reasserted its multitudinous demands on my attention, the Catskill incident seemed to be fading into the character of a passing summer-resort episode, but I was mistaken; the pang it left in my heart persisted.

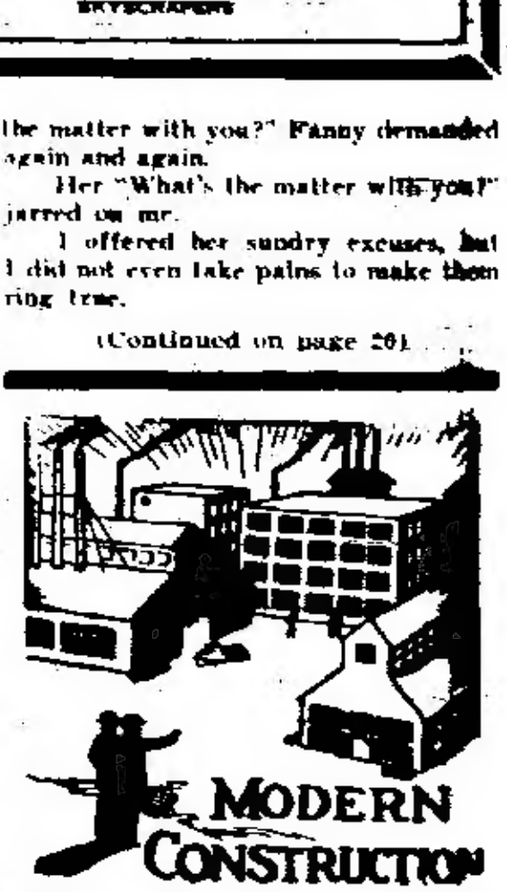
A fortnight after my return to the city I forced myself to take a trip to Tannersville. Fanny came to meet me at the train. As we kissed it was borne in upon me that I was irretrievably estranged from her. I tried to play my part, with poor success.

"Are you worried, Dave? What's the matter with you?" Fanny demanded again and again.

Her "What's the matter with you?" jarred on me.

I offered her sundry excuses, but I did not even take pains to make them ring true.

(Continued on page 20)



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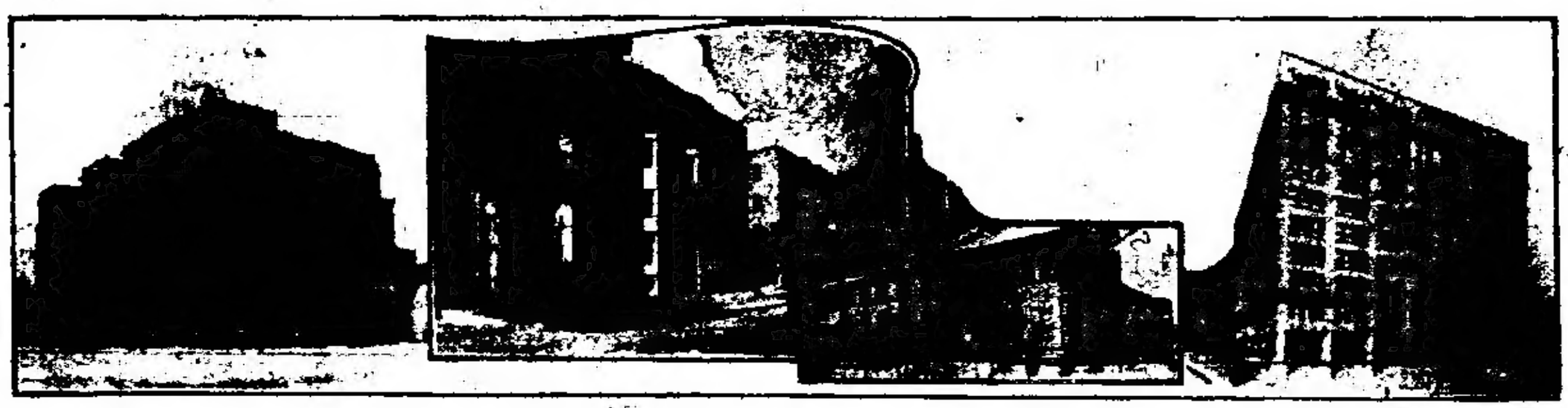

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REALTY NEWS

Mrs. F. A. Rolden sold to M. Balinsky part of lot No. 644, City of Outremont, measuring 24 by 119 feet, with buildings bearing the civic No. 644 fronting on Wiseman avenue, for $8,000.

Miss E. L. De Sola et al sold to Miss T. Gravel et al, lot No. 1728-B, St. Andrew ward, measuring 2,474 feet, with buildings, bearing the civic No. 35, fronting on MacGregor avenue, for $28,000.

H. Mazer et al. sold to M. Shkarowsef the northwest part of lot No. 12-8-34, St. Michael ward, measuring 25 by 110½ feet, with buildings bearing the civic Nos. 5281 to 5285 fronting on Hutchison street, for $15,000.

C. Weisberg sold to I. Weisberg lot No. 15-1216, St. Jean Baptiste Ward, measuring 20 by 64 feet, with buildings bearing the civic Nos. 4245, 4247, fronting on Hotel de Ville avenue, for $8,500.

Mrs. C. B. Palmer sold to J. Franklin lot No. 492-1, St. Jean Baptiste ward, measuring 22 by 94 feet, with buildings bearing the civic nos. 4295 to 4299 fronting on Esplanade avenue, for $21,000.

M. Tessier sold to S. Greenberg et al lots Nos. 49-45 to 47, Notre Dame de Grace ward, measuring 77½ x 95 feet, without buildings and fronting on Decarie boulevard, for $7,500.

Mrs. D. Fels sold to R. Wilson, northwest part of lot No. 217-19, City of Westmount, measuring 27.7 x 114 feet, with buildings, No. 612 Victoria avenue, for $21,000.

Mrs. A. Katzman sold to L. Steinberg lot No. 195-392, Notre Dame de Grace ward, measuring 2,563 feet, with buildings No. 332, Marlowe avenue, for $11,375.

Mrs. H. Yaph sold to M. Greenberg lot No. 49-70, Notre Dame de Grace ward without buildings and fronting on the public road, for $1,200.

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The Family Welfare Department of the Baron de Hirsch Institute acknowledges receipt of $10, from the Misses Sophia and Essie Hirsch as a New Year offering to an old couple dependent upon the Department. The donation is in accordance with the usual custom followed by the Misses Hirsch at this time of the year and at Pesach.

EX-KING MANUEL OF PORTUGAL MAKES AMENDS

Former King Manuel of Portugal, in a special article appearing in the current New Year's issue of **The American Hebrew**, of which Rabbi Isaac Landman is editor, after four centuries makes amends for a wrong committed by one of his forebears in the days of Columbus. Among the Jews who were banished from Portugal in 1498 was the famous astronomer and mathematician, Abraham Zacuto who may be regarded as the Einstein of his day. It was Zacuto's famous Almanach which aided Columbus to predict a lunar eclipse on February 29, 1504. A copy of this is in the possession of the present ex-monarch of Portugal, who pays tribute to Zacuto, declaring that it was that Jewish scientist "who prepared the way for Portugal to reach the zenith of her glory."

Manuel, who bears the name of the famous ancestor whose royal ingratitude was visited upon Zacuto, gives a vivid account of Zacuto's importance in the history of his country. It is also of interest to know that former King Manuel is at present engaged in a pretentious bibliography of his royal library of famous Portuguese books from the earliest days onward. His erstwhile Highness has been at his task for several years.

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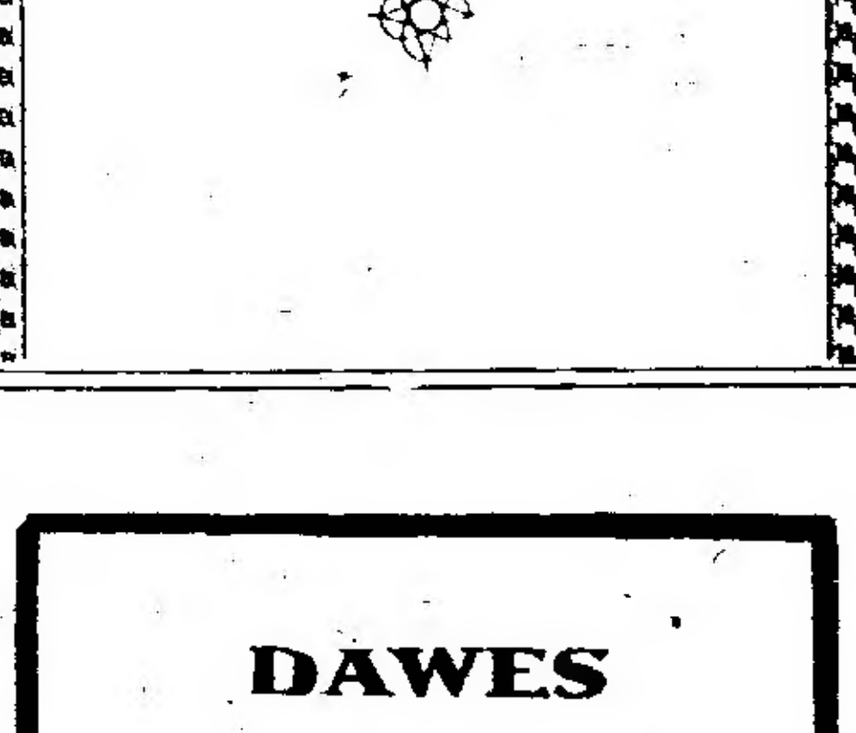

Fire Sign

(Continued from last week)

In those days she used to steal beer from her father to give to neighboring women who were sick or nursing; her outward, physical pity was supplemented by an altered but similar feeling directed toward herself. She wanted people to feel sorry for her. In a department store in which she worked for a while as a wrapper she told the girls her mother was dying and that her family was so poor they didn't have enough to eat. When the people in the store, believing her, offered bread and old clothes in sympathy, she came to work next day in her Sunday dress, wearing her mother's and sister's earrings, two earrings in each ear, and explained that she had only been fooling—her father was a millionaire.

Later, when she was on the road, truths suggested by the things she had done as a child became clear in her mind. "People like to feel miserable. You make them laugh they will forget you, but if you make them cry they will never forget you." As a burlesque trouper she was feeling, not altogether successfully, for a way to apply this belief to her work in the theatre.

It still amuses her to remember incidents of her career . . . one-night stands. . . Feeding Rachel Lewis' dog on ten cents a day, eating herself on 25. . . Hotels: bribing the chamber-maid before unpacking the electric stove, getting out of a window in Pittsburgh, stealing a curtain to use as a stage-wedding dress in Hazleton. . . The night she caught Rachel jumping the show. . . The night she joined the "Follies." . . Ten years of success, leading up to the night Ziegfeld came to her with a typewritten lyric in his hand and asked: "Do you think you can make them cry?"

Fannie Brice looked doubtful.

"I think you can," said the producer, handing her the song. "Just try it over once."

The accompanist rippled an introductory chord and after a minute of study the girl sang the first lines of a lyric written by Channing Pollock for the French tune, "Mon Homme":

It costs me a lot but there's one thing that I've got
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She sang it without gestures, her strong contralto giving an unforgettable reality to the crude words

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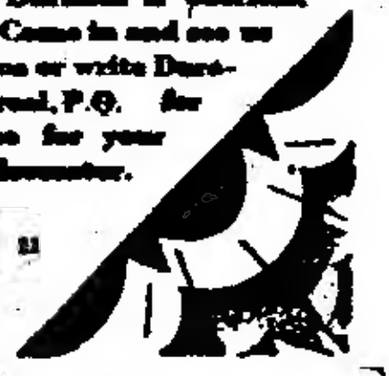

f the verse, the haunting, repetitive one.

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Neither Fannie Brice's appearance nor her early career had given her much opportunity for sentimental love-affairs. Her most vivid memory of her first husband, a Springfield barber named White, was his liberal use of his own hair-tonics. "God, he smelled nice." She was not upset when her mother had the marriage annulled, shortly after it had taken place, on the ground that she was under age. She felt differently about Nicky Arnstein, whom she married in 1918. When he was accused of fraud and forgery, she did not believe the charges, and gave little satisfaction to the District Attorney who, cross-examining her in the Federal Building, tried to find out where he was hiding.

"Are you sure your memory is as bad as that, Miss Brice?"

"Yes, it is very bad. I can only remember songs and telephone numbers."

It was not calculated melodrama but pure accident that Arnstein came back to give himself up on the day when the police force of the city, which had spent weeks searching for him, paraded on Fifth Avenue. At nine that morning Fannie Brice met her husband by appointment at Ninetieth Street and Columbus Avenue and drove downtown with him. Several times they waited at corners, making jokes, while parts of the parade went by. "Recognize any friends, Nick?" . . . It was a warm, clear day, full of blue airs and snatches of band music; the two in the back seat seemed unconscious that it might be the last day they would spend together for some time. Five years later, when Arnstein got out of prison, they were reunited. In September, 1927, her faith broken at last, Fannie Brice abruptly divorced him in Chicago. The grounds were infidelity.

She has never expressed regret concerning her marriage or its epilogues, nor has she ever let what happened to her personally interfere with her work. Through good and bad times she continued to suggest her own songs, working out her ideas with someone who could build tunes around them. Some of the numbers which evolved from this system, with the collaboration of songwriters like Willie Weston or Blanche Merrill, were "In the Spring," "Second Hand Rose," "I'm an Indian," and the monologue, "Mrs. Cohen on the Beach." It is the peculiar quality of these numbers that they convince each hearer in the audience that he alone is capable of sensing the realism behind their lightness. At any rate, Fannie Brice thinks so and this is the effect she wants them to feel. Spontaneous when on the stage, varying her gestures and routine to suit her mood, she is keenly critical of her material, and when one of her songs is being discussed will analyze in detail its implications, thinking, like all good performers, from the point of view of the audience.

Her impulse to comment on what she sees is not limited in expression to singing songs or telling funny stories. One day last winter she painted a picture in her dressing-room. She worked in water colors, later rubbing the paint with makeup to make it look like oil. Fannie Brice exhibited it with humorous comments to everyone who came in, but it was not a silly picture. Her interest in fine clothes applies to clothes. One of her principal amusements is

(Continued on page 15)

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COMMENTARIES

By Rabbi HARRY J. STERN, *of Montreal,*
Associate Contributing Editor

SOME NEW YEAR GREETINGS

Thanks to all my readers for the beautiful New Year bouquets. I wish it were possible to reprint most of them. I can only give a few. (1) "May you continue your good work for years and years. You have disturbed me many times. I like people who help me think and keep me from falling asleep. Keep on disturbing me." (2) "I am an Orthodox Jew and have been brought up to have no dealings with the Reform Jews. But since my reading your "Commentaries", and having heard you personally—I have come to the conclusion that I am a child of prejudice. No, No—not all Orthodix Jews are good Jews—nor are all Reform Jews bad Jews. By the way—Louis Marshall was a Reform Jew! Would that there be more like unto him in Israel. Lots of happiness to you." (3) "I haven't been in a synagogue for over ten years. I came to dislike Judaism out of ignorance. Thank you for the light you brought to me." (4) "Thank you for your courageous attitudes at all times. We need such in our community. You were right in saying that we always seek the Haskoma of the goy".

*

To the above I reply in the words of John Oxenham:

"But once I pass this way,
And then—no more
But once—and then, the silent door
Swings on its hinges—
Opens . . . . . closes . . .
And no more
I pass this way
So while I may
With all my might,
I will essay
Sweet comfort and delight
To all I meet upon the Pilgrim way,
For no man travels twice
The Great Highway
That climbs thru "darkness up to Light—
Thru' night
To day"

*

YOM KIPPUR

What I like about Yom Kippur is that it serves as a haven of refuge to the weary of life's feverish excitements. It is one day upon which the individual can be alone with his God. It is a Sabbath of rest—rest from the monotony of life's daily struggle. For the entire day seems to speak of Peace and Reconciliation.

And so I have a suggestion that the traditional peace of the Yom Kippur be not disturbed. Too often the modern spiritual leaders have chosen the Kippur day as an occasion upon which they can best give "Makkoth" to their congregants. I sometimes think that our people have been given too much condemnations on the Kippur with the direct result that the day has not given them the peace of mind which they need in this nerve wrecking age of ours.

Of course there will be some Rabonim who will once again rebuke the "Yom Kippur Jew". Perhaps this creature does deserve censure—but it even he is seeking peace and a kind word ought to be said in his behalf. The very fact that the Yom Kippur Jew is present in the Synagogue at least for the one day indicates the wonderous hold of this fast over Jews of all shades of opinion.

The question is often asked. Is the appeal of the Day of Atonement to the heart of the modern Jew on the wane? I do not believe that it is. One need only look at the Stock Exchange announcement and he will find that the tape for the Kippur day is almost silent. Jews desert the money marts. They flock to their Temples and all this in an age of crass materialism.

As long as the Kippur Day is reverenced by the Jew, Judaism is far from bankrupt:

"To Thee, we give ourselves today,
Forgetful of the world outside,
We tarry in Thy house, O God,
From eventide to eventide.

From Thine all searching righteous eye,
Our deepest heart can nothing hide;
It crieth out for Thee, for peace,
From eventide to eventide.

Rosh Hashonah Greetings

From the Mayor of Edmonton

I regret that pressure of business caused my delay on the occasion of the Jewish high holidays in extending to the Jewish citizens of Edmonton, and also to those of the Province of Alberta and the Dominion, my heartiest greetings and best wishes for their prosperity and happiness throughout their coming national year.

I recognize the industry, the ability and the other qualities and powers which have enabled them to persist as a nation in spite of the fiercest and strongest denationalizing and disintegrating forces, and as individuals and local communities to succeed and prosper in material interests.

I recognize also their love of peace, their sobriety, their respect for law and order, and for the institutions of the country or community in which they live.

But I recognize most fully, and pay my most profound tribute to their supreme contribution to the world in spiritual and moral truth. And I rejoice at the movement which has provided for such of their race as have desired it, a national territory and home in that old land rich with the traditions and memories of their race and made sacred to us who are not of their race or faith by Him who to us is at the very least the Greatest Figure in human history.

AMBROSE U. G. BURY.

OUR CHILDREN

Subscribers of THE CANADIAN JEWISH REVIEW are invited to send in pictures of their lovely children. Give the full name, age, address and names of his parents. There is no age limit for children. Pictures will be returned in good condition. They will appear in THE REVIEW in the order in which they are received in this office.

LEONARD HOUZER,
Grandson of Mr. and Mrs. J. Houzer, Spadina Road, Toronto. Photograph by Ashley & Crippen.

WHAT THE CHILDREN SAY

Subscribers of the CANADIAN JEWISH REVIEW are invited to send in little stories about their youngsters or children they know, what they say and do in interesting situations. Write down what your little one said to-day and mail it to the What-the-Children-Say Editor, REVIEW office, in Toronto or Montreal. Give the child's full name, age, address and the name of his parents. One dollar will be paid for every story printed.

Golda, aged 3, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Peter Braunstein, 137 Northcliffe Avenue, Montreal, was watching one of her sisters writing. Golda sneezed and some one said "God Bless you". Soon Golda sneezed again and this time exactly on the book her sister was writing on. "Isn't that funny"? she said "I do God bless you' on your book."

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"HOW OLD IS ANN?"

We do not profess to give an answer as to the number of years which Ann has lived, or the number of birthdays which she has celebrated, because we are quite willing to leave the solution of that problem to the mathematicians, or to those who enjoy struggling with such puzzles. The reason why we refer to Ann's age is because this gives us the opportunity to point out to our readers that there are more ways of determining age than by counting years. By this we mean that the real age of a person is not represented by the number of years passed since his birthday, but rather by the condition of his body at the present time.

The body is frequently likened to a machine or an engine. The body differs from any other machine in that when a part is worn out, it cannot be replaced. The true age of the body is shown by the condition of the various essential parts. If they show signs of wear, then the body is growing old, regardless of the number of birthdays passed. Old age is merely the wearing out of the body machine, and health work seeks to prevent a premature old age by protecting the body from needless strains, and by warning against the over-indulgences which are responsible for many of the breaks during the years when fitness should be maintained.

If we were asked to determine Ann's age on this basis, we would want to know the condition of her heart, her arteries, her kidneys, her lungs, and of these, particularly, would be interested in heart, arteries and kidneys, because it is in these organs that the first signs of wear are usually seen. We would then want to know how Ann lives. What does she eat? Does she get sufficient rest and recreation? In other words, does she live a hygienic life? Knowing the actual condition of her body and her manner of living, we would know much more about her true age than does the mathematician who solves the problem.

Questions, concerning Health, addressed to the Canadian Medical Association, 184 College Street, Toronto, will be answered personally by letter.

DON'T MENTION IT

Ike: "Abie, have you done anything about that Black Hand letter you received?"

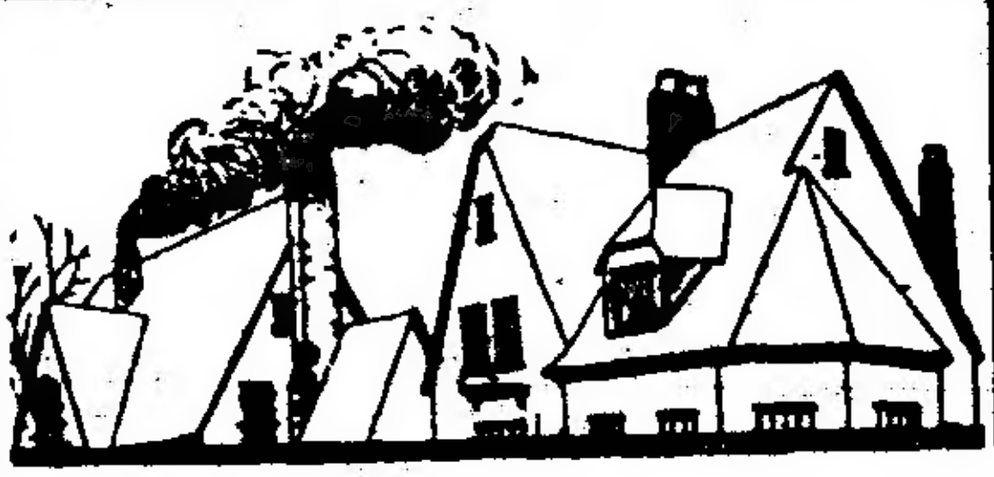
Abie: "And how! I turned it over to my insurance company. They have $20,000 tied up in me; let them worry."

Every Friday

The following excellent article was written by "Gaza" for the *Jewish World*, of London, England: "The summer holidays always bring into evidence the existence of children who fail to fit into their allotted sphere with comfort and ease. It would be quite untrue to say that all Jewish children are difficult, or that all difficult children are Jewish, and yet I find that a concensus of opinion in non-Jewish circles inclines towards this idea. In hotels and boarding-houses where Jews and non-Jews repair during the summer months there is a strong prejudice in favour of the conception that Jewish parents thoroughly spoil their children, and that these children are the most difficult to cope with under the already trying circumstances of living away from home. There does not seem to be any definite sex distinction for the difficult child. It may be an unruly, unmanageable boy, whose unrestrained hoofs clatter over everybody, and who strews the heterogeneous contents of his messy pockets over the common living-room, or it may be an ill-mannered girl whose raucous voice constantly reiterating the phrase, 'I don't want to' in accents of pettishness exasperates all those obliged to listen. In either case the result is substantially the same. Everybody is annoyed, everybody is disgusted, and the fond parents are more or less perturbed but console themselves with the conviction of their child's virtues and prowesses in other spheres. Was not his school report a paean of praise from academic sources? That such a brilliant boy should prove a little unruly on holiday, that his manners and behaviour should compare unfavourably with those less remarkable specimens of the human race is, after all, one of life's compensating balances. And the mother and father must temper their inordinate pride in their offspring with the opprobrium his conduct calls forth. There is something heroic in the resignation with which the parents of so many difficult children accept the shafts of unpopularity that are showered upon them in their determined attempts to shield the true culprits from the consequences of their conduct. Now why is it, I ask, that there is such a strong belief in people's minds that Jewish parents are, above all, guilty of letting forth on the world young barbarians of this particular type, and why is it that we must candidly admit that there is a little truth in the belief: I think most Jewish parents spoil their children, but certainly not all. And what is more, as I have always insisted, Jewish parents are far more conscientious over their children than many other folks. Perhaps it is the combination of the two traits. The parent who simply does not bother about his child, may allow it all sorts of privileges in his indifference to its well-being. But, on the other hand, he does not foster its already overgrown egotism by allowing it to grow up with the conception that the whole world turns round it. That I think is the clue to the difficult Jewish child."

* * *

This is another season of causes and also crying needs. From now on until the beginning of next summer all the causes will be brought forward and rubbed down, spoken for, collected for and even eaten for. Each year produces new crying needs, moreover, and these develop new causes. So the simple needs which stir no souls will again be neglected. By all except this column, it should be added. This sometimes noble, sometimes tottering edifice remain beside the more obsolete and non-soul-stirring crying needs. Among them could be mentioned such things as better cook-generals but that might touch on immigration and necessitate a continued story. Anyway, this column refuses to budge from its pet crying need and, with the same obstinacy that obsesses people to keep on declaiming for Jewish education, new Sunday school buildings, social justice, cleaner swimming pools and the advisability of drowning all Jewish Communists, it will always be in favor of less noise and more quiet. It will always urge social ostracism for people so unsocially-minded that they abuse the privacy of neighbours by turning on loud speakers during hours regarded as sleeping hours. It recommends to the same treatment those who shout when they can be heard by speaking quietly and people who stamp and bang about without any cause except their own brutish manners. "They never would be missed, they never would be missed." The fundamental crying need appears to be the need for mothers who are able to bring up children who will detest noise for noise's sake not only because noise is nerve-racking to them but because it may be detestable to some one else. The whole lesson of consideration for others might well be taught around this one point. *f.f.c.*



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Rabbi Maurice N. Eisendrath Rabbi Harry J. Stern.

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Canadian Jewish Review invites correspondence on subjects of interest to the Jewish people, but disclaims responsibility for endorsement of the views expressed by the writers. All correspondence must be signed with the full name of the writer.

OCTOBER 11, 1929 VOLUME X, NUMBER 51

FIRE ESCAPE

(Continued from page 11)

the firm name of Lottie & Brice, shopping. Three years ago, under she was part owner of a dressmaking establishment in West Fifty-second Street. She sold the place eventually because it took up too much of her time, but it had been successful. She has been known to say to a chorus-girl, "Bring four and a half yards of silk to rehearsal tomorrow, and I'll make you a dress."

In such instances the dress, like her picture, was made between changes of costume. At home she has no time for these things because she is apt to be busy with some detail of her apartment. Some curtains she had bought were not the right color. She redyed them herself. She does not do these things to save money but because they amuse her; she spends her big salary almost as fast as she gets it, giving a good deal of it away. Her generosity is noted even in a profession in which generosity is a tradition. All sorts of broken-down showpeople come to see her—girls who have been sick, songwriters who can't write songs any more. One instance of her open-handedness concerns a racketeer who persuaded her to buy some diamonds. A crooked pawnbroker who had an agreement with the salesman had appraised the stones at double the price asked, but later they were identified by a more honest appraiser as paste. Two years afterward Fannie Brice said with some excitement to a friend:

"You remember the guy that sold me those diamonds? He came round this afternoon."

Her friend rembered. "The dirty crook. Did you have him pinched?"

"No. I was foolish, I guess, but he was broke, he'd been in jail. I gave him a ticket back to Chicago."

Fannie Brice pays for her whims by a unique system of adjusting her own salary. Instead of arguments, her interviews with producers usually consist of a series of jokes on her part, of resistance and finally laughter on theirs, until somehow or other she has kidded them into giving her what she wants. Recently she made ten thousand dollars a week in a picture house and her yearly earnings are around one hundred and fifty thousand dollars; under her new contract with Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer for sound pictures she may easily double that. She owns a Minerva, but lives modestly and quietly in an apartment hotel in East Sixty-ninth Street. Her only servant is a big colored maid named Gertie. For a while she sent her children, William Jules Arnstein and Fannie Arnstein, to private school, but now she sends them to public school because she thinks that is better for them. She has a place in Huntington, Long Island, but does not like it because the crickets keep her awake. She takes no formal vacations.

A few months ago she married Billy Rose, the songwriter. Their mornings begin at one in the afternoon. She does not like to leave the house till her children are back from school; often her mother, who lives on the West Side and wears a picture of her daughter and her grandchildren embossed on a cameo brooch, comes over to eat and sometimes to cook the Brice luncheon. She is a famous cook and Fannie Brice kids her about it. "Tell us what kind of soup you had last night, Ma. Was it golden?" While Rose waits to start downtown, she anxiously arranges the last details of her costume; she reads her mail in the car, at the same time making plans for the day, humming a tune she is learning, and looking out of the window. As the limousine moves toward Fifty-ninth Street, she keeps interrupting herself to call attention to people in the street, perpetually distracted and absorbed by the city, of which her name, burning in golden letters through metropolitan evenings, is a characteristic, and in a way a permanent part. (Niven Busch, Jr., in the New Yorker.)

World Zionists Divide on Palestine Riots

World Zionist organization has split into two factions over the recent disturbances in Palestine.

The moderate policy of Dr. Chaim Weizmann, leader of the World Zionists, has exasperated the militant element led by Vladimir Jabotinsky until the entire "revisionist" group has virtually seceded. Separate headquarters already have been established by Mr. Jabotinsky's group, an independent executive has been elected and independent action, especially among political lines, is being prepared. Mr. Jabotinsky has long been conspicuous as a firebrand of the Zionist movement, with strong inclinations to military action, and has long been at odds with the Zionist leaders. After the sanguinary clashes in Palestine last month, Mr. Jabotinsky visited the capitals of Europe urging the enlistment of a Jewish Legion to punish the Palestine Arabs by force.

Dr. Weizmann's attitude, on the other hand, has been against the formation of special Jewish defense units and against the principle of free, unrestricted Jewish immigration into Palestine.

A statement from the Jabotinsky camp expresses the despair of the militant Zionists at Dr. Weizmann's leadership. "The unhappy events in Palestine," it says, "and the blunt refusal of the Zionist executive to agree to joint action with the revisionists left no alternative to the revisionist sense of patriotism but to continue its struggle against the present leadership and policy, reserving to ourselves the right to take all such steps as we consider necessary in the best interests of the Zionist cause and for a Jewish Palestine."

Dr. Weizmann and other Zionist leaders have never disguised the differences between themselves and Mr. Jabotinsky. They hoped, however, that in the present critical situation the movement would be welded together and present a united front in favor of an understanding with the Arabs. Mr. Jabotinsky's statement and threat of independent action are considered, in representative Zionist circles, to be the last straw and it appears doubtful whether the chasm between the moderates and revisionists can be bridged.

Jews in the Georgian quarter near the Damascus Gate, which was first attacked on Friday, August 23, have submitted claims for damages amounting to nearly $130,000.

Five hundred and twenty Arabs and Jews have already been tried by the courts of Palestine and received various sentences in connection with the recent disturbances, according to an estimate in the Arab press.

The figures show that up to Sept. 18 274 Arabs and thirty-nine Jews received prison sentences ranging from one to twelve months, and eighty-five Arabs and fourteen Jews were committed to the district court.

Palestine authorities, with the cooperation of Jewish and Arab merchant groups, plan strong measures to stop boycotts which Jews and Arabs have observed against each other.

The Jewish merchants of Jerusalem have agreed to sign a proclamation calling upon all races, creeds and religions in the Holy City "to freely trade, buy and sell in peace one with another."

When the Arab merchants have accepted this proclamation, the District Commissioner will issue it over his signature and that of the Mayor of Jerusalem as an official order.

Bernard E. Bedinger, University of Pennsylvania's great all-around star, won the decathlon championship, a 10-event test of endurance, skill and speed, with an aggregate of 7,709.973 points.

An immigrant whose wife resides abroad cannot obtain naturalization in Palestine under the present laws of the country, according to a ruling by the High Court.

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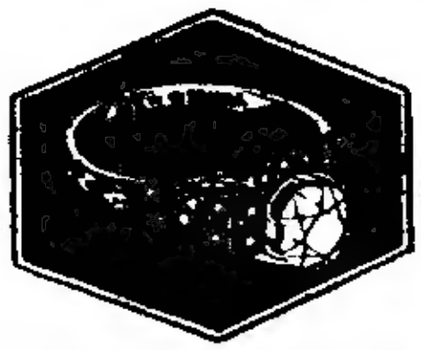
The Factory, Shop and Office Building Act of Ontario requires that plans of all proposed new factory buildings, also alterations and plans of shop and office buildings, if over two storeys in height, shall be submitted to and receive the approval of the factory inspector before the building work is proceeded with.

A certificate of inspection of a factory and a permit to operate it must be obtained from the factory inspector before operations are commenced.

Within one month of occupying a factory, notice giving details as to name and address of firm, nature of work, amount of moving power, etc., must be sent by the occupier to the factory inspector.

For particulars as to further requirements of the Factory, Shop and Office Building Act of Ontario, communicate with the Chief Inspector of Factories, East Block, Parliament Buildings, Toronto. Telephone Adelaide 1261.



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Sherbrooke, Que.

Rev. and Mrs. A. Mittleman, Melbourne St., held a reception Sunday evening last honouring their son Joseph, whose bar mitzvah took place Saturday morning, September 28th, at Congregation Agudath Achim. Among the out-of-town guests were:—Mr. and Mrs. R. Dennenberg, parents of the hostess; Miss Florence Denenberg, Sam and Lionel Denenberg, Mr. and Mrs. D. Pearson, Miss Tessie Pearson, Mrs. L. Richstone, Mr. and Mrs. Ben Yates, Mrs. S. Yates, Mr. and Mrs. H. Nathinson, Mr. Sam DePearson, Miss Rita Pearson, Mrs. Nathan Godine, Miss Bessie Rubin, Max – Strean, Miss Jennie Bernstein, all of Montreal; Manny Denenberg, of Cleveland, Ohio; Mr. and Mrs. Maxwell Weinstein, Mr. and Mrs. Sam Shmokler and Misses Shmokler of Thetford Mines, Que.; Mr. and Mrs. Morris Green, of Coaticooke, Que., and Mrs. Holdengraber, of Bathurst, N. B.

Mrs. David Echenberg and Abe Echenberg, motored to Montreal and attended the dinner given at the Mount Royal Hotel for the Jewish Hospital Campaign.

Mrs. J. Rosenbloom, Quebec St., motored to Montreal for a few days and visited her mother, Mrs. J. L. Vineberg.

Joseph Schwartz spent a few days in Montreal on business.

Mr. and Mrs. Louis Edgar and daughter, Edythe, are spending the holidays in Montreal visiting friends and relatives.

Ben Cohen spent a few days in Montreal.

Mrs. A. Mittleman, Melbourne St., was hostess at a dinner given Sunday. Covers were laid for 15 couples.

Miss Helene Cohen, Gillispie St., has returned to Montreal to McGill University.

Miss Hilda Pollock, High St., is a student at Bishop's College, Lennoxville this season.

The Bnai Brith Lodge No. 1070 held their regular meeting on Wednesday evening at their lodge rooms on Wellington St. Bros. Pres. Abraham D. Smith occupied the chair.

Mrs. Holdengraber and son of Bathurst, N. B., are visiting in Sherbrooke, the guests of Mr. and Mrs. M. B. Echenberg, Belvidere Street.

Mr. and Mrs. Maxwell Weinstein of Thetford Mines, spent the week end in Sherbrooke.

Mr. Louis H. Bernstein of Kushner's Ltd., motored to Montreal for a few days on business.

Mr. and Mrs. H. Nathinson of Montreal spent the week end in Sherbrooke, the guests of Rev. and Mrs. A. Mittleman.

Major Samuel Echenberg motored to Montreal for the week-end and was the guest of his sister, Mrs. Saul Usher.

Miss Florence Denenberg of Montreal, spent the week-end in Sherbrooke, visiting her sister, Mrs. Samuel P. Smith, King St. W.

Samuel Musel of Montreal motored to Sherbrooke for a few days on business.

Mr. and Mrs. M. Green of Coaticooke, Que., spent the week-end in Sherbrooke.

Sam Caplan is spending the holidays in Montreal with his family.

Mr. I. Malkinson is spending the holidays in Montreal with his family.

Mr. and Mrs. B. Gilman of Lake Megantic is spending the holidays in Sherbrooke.

Mr. and Mrs. Chas. Kitner and family of Lake Megantic are spending the holidays in Sherbrooke the guest of Mrs. H. Echenberg, Wellington Street.

Goel Tzedec Synagogue, University Avenue. Rabbi Samuel Sachs.

Sermon Saturday at 10:30, "The Soul's Repair." Yom Kippur services: Kol Nidre, Sunday at 5:30 p. m. Sermon at 6, "Man—the Paradox." Monday at 7:30 a. m. Memorial service at 10:30, Sermon, "The Souls of the Living." Neilah service at 4:30 p. m.

WESTINGHOUSE ANNOUNCES 7th ANNUAL ARCTIC BROADCASTING SCHEDULE

On October 5th the Westinghouse Company inaugurated its seventh annual service of broadcasting, through station KDKA, news and messages to the isolated dwellers of Arctic and Sub-Arctic. Schedules for the coming season were distributed last spring via the north-going steamers to the various police, fur, and missionary posts, so that everyone in the Far North who can reach a radio receiver will be listening in at the times specified.

The schedule, as announced by the Westinghouse Company is as follows: 1929: Oct 5, 19; Nov. 2, 16, 30; Dec. 14, 25, 28; 1930: Jan. 1, 4, 18; Feb. 1, 15.

Programs will begin at approximately 11 P. M. Eastern Standard Time. Emergency messages will be sent out at the same time on the first Saturday night following receipt regardless of schedule.

This service was originated by George Wendt of the Canadian Westinghouse Co., Ltd., Montreal, in 1922, and has since then become one of the important factors in Arctic life. Every fall, when the ships return, Mr. Wendt receives thousands of letters of appreciation for this service. These come from as far west as Alaska, as far north as the Bache Peninsula, which lies within 700 miles of the North Pole, and as far east as Greenland.

"We are most thankful to you, Sir, for putting a little more life in our lifeless country," states one of these letters.

"We learned through KDKA that our Bishop Turquetil safely reached France," reports the Roman Catholic Mission on Southampton Island, in Hudson Bay.

"Great shortage of native hunt, affording hardships for Indians and Eskimos. Do all you can to relieve all deserving cases," was a message broadcasted by the Canadian Government, via KDKA, to all in the Sub-Arctic.

"Through KDKA my husband learned of his son's recovery from what he believed was a fatal illness," writes the wife of a Canadian "Mounty" stationed far north of the Arctic circle.

As in the past, Louis Kaufman will act as special radio announcer for the Arctic broadcasting. Mr. Kaufman, who has won for himself the sobriquet of "The Friend of the Arctic" due to the amiability with which he handles this difficult broadcasting, is probably the best known personage north of 55 degrees. Stricken with a serious illness last winter, he was absent from his post for several weeks, and hardly one of the numerous letters received from the North has failed to express the writer's pleasure on hearing his voice on his return to KDKA's studio in April.

Westinghouse broadcasting service to the isolated regions has now assumed world-wide proportions. Not only is it reaching the frozen North, but by means of it messages are sent to Commander Byrd on the Antarctic Continent; Sir Hubert Wilkings on Deception Island, and several expeditions in the tropics.

Holy Blossom Hebrew Congregation, Rabbi M. Eisendrath, Bond Street.

Day of Atonement services: Sunday, at 7.30 p. m., Monday, at 10 a. m. Children's services, Monday at p. m., Afternoon service, Monday 2 p. m. Sabbath of Repentance services: Friday evening vesper service will be inaugurated this week. Shabbos Shuvah will be ushered in with a short service of music, prayer and meditation this Friday at 5.30 p. m. Sabbath of Repentance Saturday 10.30 a. m. Rabbi Eisendrath will speak on "The Sins of Society." Kol Nidrei services: Sunday evening, 7.30 p. m. Sermon, "The Three Fold Atonement." Yom Kippur services: Monday at 10.15 a. m. Sermon, "The Basis for Jewish At-One-Ment." This service will be broadcast over station CFCA. Children's Yom Kippur Service: Monday at 1 p. m. Children present by 12.45. Yom Kippur Memorial services: Persons desirous of having the names of their departed ones read during the memorial service will send these names to the secretary immediately. Sermon, "The Eternal Secret."

Religious School will resume this week. Registration continues. Annex services free to the public will be continued throughout Yom Kippur at the Pythian Castle Hall, 247 College St., near Spadina Ave. Kol Nidrei, Sunday evening, at 7.30 p. m. Speaker, Mark G. Cohen; Monday at 10.30 a. m., speaker, Saul Kaufman. Service at 2 p. m., Rabbi Eisendrath will speak on "The Basis of Jewish At-One-Ment." Martin Cohn took charge of the arrangements for these services. Miss Ethel Starkman is in charge of the music. C. Campion Smith coached the choir. Maurice Ezrin, Sam Gotfrid, Jona Ellias, Theodore Draimin, Gerston Allen, Lloyd Bernstein, Royden Cowan, Jake Stuchen, Mark G. Cohen, Saul Kaufman were volunteers and helped with services.

At the annual meeting of the congregation Wednesday evening, the following officers were re-elected: President, Arthur Cohen; vice-president, Charles Draimin, treasurer, Egmont Frankel; secretary, Mark G. Cohen; trustees, H. C. Greenberg, Percy Hermant, Harold Levi, N. L. Nathanson, Ralph Raphael, Harry Rotenberg, Harry Samuel, Jos. Tarshis, Laurie Simonsky and Mrs. B. Goldstein. Mrs. Nathan Phillips was elected trustee. The by-laws submitted by the cemetery committee for the Holy Blossom Memorial Park were unanimously adopted.

CANADIAN HEBREW LADIES' AUXILIARY

The C. H. L. A. held their opening meeting Wednesday evening, September 18, at the Zionist Institute. A cheque for $25 was sent to the Palestine Fund. A. D. Schatz spoke. The social evening of the auxiliary was held September 25. Next meeting, October 16, at the Zionist Institute, Beverley Street. Mrs. M. Rose is president, and Mrs. J. King, recording secretary.

GYM CLASSES

The ladies' morning gym classes of the Council of Jewish Women are being held at the Council Gym, 44 St. George Street, Monday, Wednesday and Friday at 10.30 a.m. Mr. Black, formerly of the Talmud Torah Gym is in charge. Information from Kingsdale 6432, or the convenor of the gymnasium, Mrs. Meyer Brenner, Hyland 6230.

TORONTO SOCIAL

Dr. Lawrence M. Hutner, who visited his parents, Mr. and Mrs. F. S. Hutner, Brunswick Avenue, has returned to the Montefiore Hospital in New York City.

Miss Marjorie Singer was the honouree at a surprise party Sunday evening, at the home of her parents, Mr. and Mrs. M. J. Singer, Kendal Avenue, in honour of her eighteenth birthday. Misses Betty and Jean Samuels, Frances Rumm, Ruth Rosenthal, Ruth and Vera Raphael, Peggy Tennenbaum, Maxine Singer, Jean Hemsworth, Violet Gore, Grace Rae, Madeline Tarshis, Zelma Singer and Dr. S. J. Helen, Dave Axler, Melville Kahn, Bill Cohen, Ak Goldon, Leo Lewis, Earl and Irwin Lyons, Max and Harry Pasternak, Bill Engel, Alex Rosenthal, Ralph Samuels, Henry Sacks, Eddie Breslin and Leon Tarshis were there.

Mrs. A. Neuman, of Cleveland, Ohio, is the guest of Mrs. Moses Frankel, Westminster Hotel.

Mr. and Mrs. Eugene Zacharias and daughter, of Atlanta, Georgia, are leaving for home at the end-of-the-week, after visiting with Mr. and Mrs. Leo. Frankel, Jarvis Street.

Mr. and Mrs. Isadore Freedman, Walmer Road, returned home Wednesday from a week's stay in New York.

Miss Adelaide E. Cohen, of Madison Avenue, is home from a five months' trip to England, France, Italy, Switzerland, Germany, Austria, Czecho-Slovakia, Belgium and Holland.

Mr. and Mrs. M. L. Levy and family, Normanna Avenue, spent Sunday in Hamilton, with their mother, Mrs. J. Levy.

Mrs. Norman Helpert, Austin Terrace, spent a few days in Detroit.

Saul Dobrofsky, of Montreal, was the guest of Mr. and Mrs. F. S. Hutner, Brunswick Avenue, during the holiday week-end.

Mr. and Mrs. Lionel Singer, Austin Terrace, spent the week-end in Rochester.

Mr. and Mrs. Max Nussbaum, of Bainbridge, Georgia, are expected in town to spend the remainder of the holidays with Mr. and Mrs. Leo Frankel, Jarvis Street.

Mrs. Ralph Jacobs, Walmer Road, is home from Mount Vernon, N. Y., where she visited her daughter and son-in-law, Mr. and Mrs. S. Bloom.

Mrs. D. B. Goodman, Palmerston Boulevard, entertained a few friends Sunday evening, honouring Mrs. O. Maldaver, who is leaving to live in Detroit.

Miss Esther Isenberg, Major Street, spent a few days in Detroit and Trenton, Mich.

Mrs. O. Maldaver, who is leaving to live in Detroit, was the guest of honour at a luncheon at the Primrose Club and theatre party. The guests were Mesdames Frank Schipper, D. B. Goodman, L. A. Maldaver, S. Waller, M. Hands, M. B. Swerling, H. Buckstein, B. D. Garfield, L. Goldstein, M. Barrett, M. Stropeck, B. Wilson, M. Hanisch, H. Fox, C. Buchaner, A. Herman, J. Spivak, of New York, J. Ellis, C. Rotstein and J. Goldberg.

Mr. and Mrs. Max Freedman, of Montreal, are at the Royal York Hotel.

J. J. Ludwig, of New York, is visiting his sister, Mrs. Alfred Kind, Avenue Road, for the holidays.

Mr. and Mrs. H. Rotenberg, Hilton Avenue, spent the week-end in Rochester, N. Y.

Mrs. H. M. Goodman and son, Arlington Avenue, is spending two weeks in Montreal.

Mr. and Mrs. Robert Dunnenfield, (née Doris Ruth Nathan, of Detroit), have returned from their honeymoon.

Mr. and Mrs. Samuel Shumacker, of 74 Brunswick Ave., gave a dinner Sunday, September 30th, in honor of their daughter, Margaret's engagement to Sam Tick, of Hamilton. Covers were laid for twelve and the table was decorated with chrysanthemums, roses and sprays of lilies of the valley. Among those present were: Mr. and Mrs. Shumacker, Mr. and Mrs. Tick of Hamilton, Mr. and Mrs. Louis Warsh, Margaret Shumacker, Sam Tick of Hamilton; Sybil Shumacker, Mac Lazovsky, Clara Edell and Sam Shumacker. Mr. and Mrs. Tick presented Miss Shumacker with a pearl-inlaid ivory set for a boudoir and Mr. and Mrs. Shumacker presented Sam Tick with a gift.

Mrs. Jules Kerpen, of New York, is with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. N. Cohen, Nassau Street.

Mrs. S. Rockmaker, Bathurst Street, is visiting her parents, Mr. and Mrs. H. Senzel, of Rochester, N. Y. Mr. Rockmaker spent the holidays with them.

Mrs. J. Franks and daughter, Beverley Ruth of Detroit, are spending the holidays with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. A. Kasman, Kendal Avenue.

Mr. and Mrs. M. A. Duroffe, of Regal Road, have moved to 313 Lonsdale Road.

A. Merker, Queen St. W., accompanied by his brother, J. Merker and niece, Miss Ann Merker, of Trenton, Ont., and J. Rosenbaum, College St., have just returned from an extended motor tour of the States. At Buffalo where they visited Mr. and Mrs. A. Speakman. They motored to McKeesport, Pa., and through New Jersey and New York where they visited their cousin, Mrs. Y. Katz, formerly of Toronto, for one week. Mrs. Katz gave a dinner for them.

Mrs. J. E. Wagman, Indian Road, left to visit her sister, Mrs. Al. Goldman, of Rochester, N. Y.

Mrs. A. Fine, Highview Crescent, had as her guests, Mr. and Mrs. I. Ryer and family, of Rochester, N.Y., who motored here.

Miss Lillian Prager, Elm Street, is in New York.

Mr. and Mrs. J. Abe and daughters, of Port Elgin, are spending the holidays with Mr. and Mrs. I. Siderson, Montrose Avenue.

Miss Gertrude Jacobs, of New York, who spent six weeks at the home of her father, Max Jacobs, Dundas Street West, is leaving October 12 to join her sisters, Misses Shirley and Mildred Jacobs, in New York.

S. L. Perzim, Alberta Avenue, is home from a two weeks' stay in Montreal.

Mr. and Mrs. Murray Wellman, of New York, are with their mother, Mrs. J. Aber, Maughan Crescent.

Entertaining this week for Mrs. Nat Goldberg, of Boston were: Mrs. S. M. Shapiro, Beatrice Street, bridge, Monday afternoon with Mrs. Nat. Goldberg, the prize-winner; Mrs. E. Herman, St. Clair Avenue West, theatre party Monday evening, attended by Mrs. H. Herman, Miss Sophie Shapiro, Mrs. I. Field, Mrs. S. Cohen, Miss Edith Landman, Mrs. L. Snell and Miss Freida Shapiro. Tuesday afternoon Mrs. Goldberg was a guest at the American Federation Convention at the Royal York Hotel. Mrs. E. Herman, St. Clair Avenue West, is giving at dinner for her Friday evening.

Joseph S. Lavene, Normanna Avenue, is spending a week in Windsor and Detroit.

Mrs. M. Miller, of Detroit, who visited Mrs. I. Siderson, Montrose Avenue, has gone home.

Mrs. A. Silver, Queen Street West, entertained at a bridge and luncheon on Wednesday, in compliment to her sister, Miss Gertrude Jacobs, of New York.

Mrs. Nat. Goldberg, of Boston, is visiting her uncles and aunts, Mr. and Mrs. S. M. Shapiro, 133 Beatrice Street; and Mr. and Mrs. E. Herman, 1378 St. Clair Avenue West.

Mr. and Mrs. Herman Mendelson and family, Dunvegan Road, are home after spending the past three months at Norway. Miss Anne Gordon, who spent two months with her sister, has returned to Montreal.

Mr. and Mrs. M. Stein, Regal Road, and Mr. and Mrs. R. J. Sapera, Dunvegan Road, motored to New York.

Ben-Chorin Littner is attending the Hebrew Union College at Cincinnati, Ohio.

Mrs. H. Cohen, Major Street, entertained at the Royal York Hotel, honouring her sisters-in-law, Mrs. P. Ginsberg and Mrs. A. Ginsberg, of Chicago. Mesdames D. Cohen, M. Ginsberg, H. Males, A. Cohen, Ben Cohen, Bert Cohen and Misses A. and S. Ginsberg were there.

To compliment Miss Gertrude Jacobs, of New York, formerly of Toronto, here on a six weeks' visit, Mrs. A. A. Silver, Queen Street West, gave a theatre party and tea. Mrs. M. Jacobs, Dundas Street West, dinner and presentation; Miss Shirley Farb, D'Arcy Street, theatre and luncheon; Miss Estelle Jacobs, Dundas Street West, dinner and theatre; Miss Dorothy Weinstock, Robert Street, theatre and tea; Mrs. B. Wetzler, Bathurst Street, theatre and tea; Miss Estelle Jacobs, Dundas Street West, informal dance; Mrs. A. Silver, Queen Street West, dinner and presentation; Mrs. A. Gotlib, College Street, luncheon and presentation; Max Jacobs, Dundas Street West, dinner and theatre; Mrs. Charles Silver, Queen Street West, luncheon and presentation; Mrs. M. Jacobs, Dundas Street West, theatre and tea; Miss Estelle Jacobs, Dundas Street West, luncheon; Miss Shirley Farb, D'Arcy Street, dinner; Miss Dorothy Weinstock, Robert Street, bridge and luncheon; Mrs. A. Silver, and Miss Estelle Jacobs, dinner and theatre; Mrs. A. Silver, Queen Street West bridge and dance.

SUDBURY

Mr. and Mrs. H. Ironstone, of Sudbury, are home after an extended motor trip to Toronto, Niagara Falls, Buffalo, Montreal and Ottawa. They were accompanied by their children, Joe, and Mr. and Mrs. Z. Lesser.

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B'NAI BRITH

At the B'nai Brith meeting Monday night, October 7th, at the King Edward Hotel, K. Gelber, who spent four months in the Holy Land, gave an address on "Palestine at Work and Play." Louis Kaufman, son of Sol Kaufman, past-president, recely ed a bar-mitzvah present, from Alfred Cohen, president of International B'nai Brith, Rabbi Samuel Sachs making the presentation. Isadore Markus gave a closing report on the Permanent Camp Committees. J. L. Cohen made an announcement about the coming Federation Campaign. Isadore Markus announced that the Father and Son night would be held the second meeting in November, at which an illustration of the work at B'nai Brith Boys' Camp would be given.

MENORAH SOCIETY

Song, dance and refreshments featured the first meeting of the Menorah Society held at the Women's Union. A vaudeville skit was given. The president, S. Goldhar, outlined the programme for the year. David Rathblatt gave a programme of music. Dr. Isaacs, of Harvard University, will speak before the end of the first semester. Informal teas every second Saturday afternoon in the boys' and girls' residences. Debates with McGill and Northwestern Universities are being arranged. Prospective members send names and addresses to Miss Vera Alexander, 45 Rusholme Pk. Cres.; or to Phil. Barrs, 291 Huron St. Miss Rohama Seixel poured the tea assisted by the vice-chairlady, Miss Rene Nevern. S. D. Bachner and Miss Lillian Rapport assisted.

COUNCIL COMMUNITY HOUSE

Sossens were hostesses at a corn-roast given at the Old-Mill, Saturday, September 19th. Present were Betty Gluckstein, Rose Hersborn, Celia Welnstein, Anne Solinsky, Fanny Rosen, Anne Sherman, Anne Goldfarb, Sara Sunkc, Freeda Brunc, and Rose Bruner, and Messrs. Charnev, Rash, Sulsky, Zangwill, Switzer Shrott, Pudofsky, and Silver. The prize raffled by the Sossens was won by Mrs. Glazier, 128 Edward Street.

A gala night was held at the Council Community House Gym, when the summer work was brought to a close at a festival. Children were awarded their crests for the following sports: **Baseball**, Dorothy Fisher, Lillian Bloum, Dora Osolky, Sylvia Fistel, Mary Goldman, Pearl Silver, Pearl Tennenbaum, Rachel Appelbaum, and Jean Sivita. For **volleyball**:—Lillian Jacobs, Dorothy Fisher, Dora Osolky, Clara Weinert, Edith Cohen, Rachel Jacobs, Mildred Singer, Ida Winter, Minnie Kirshenbaum. **Tennis Singles**:—Dorothy Fisher. **Tennis Doubles**: Bernice Rubinoff. These girls were coached by Miss Nellye Cohen, Director of athletics and recreation. Taking part in the dances were: **Monday class**: Bernice Bornstein, Ruth Stein, Sara Silverberg, Grace Leip-

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siger Selma Shapiro, Toby Slatts, Pearl Diamond, Jennie Goldberg, Molly Bluegrind, Bella Cohen, Helen Cohen, Lily Weinberg, Vera Little, Pearl Gezunthelt, Sylvia Sinnberg, Mary Sheeterm, June Emsley, Helen Rubinoff, Rita Cohen, Riva Cudesky, Florence Sone, Helen Caplan, Betty Rockert, Rose Cosky, and Helen Goldstein.

Wednesday Class. Rose King, Minnie Rockert, Helen Marcus, Jean Marcus, Annie Spring, Lily Roth, Tillie Kline, Helen Slavner, Mary Goldman, Jennie Mutiker, Janet Kadishevitz, Fanny Wagman, Annie Linowith, Toby Rosenwald, Bella Lofsky, Florence Rudfsky, Miriam Cohen, Ruth Einhorn, Sophie Freedman, Mildred Mostin, Sylvia Frankel, Lily Hartman, Gertrude Ukovitz, Ruth Pollack, Muriel Cook, Anna Rosen, Etta Weinaweig, Celia Bloom, Rita Weinstein, Bella Rossman, Rose Stein, Marcia Bornstein, Riva Feldman, Rith Bortnick, Edith Cohen, Sonia Cohen, Ray Jacobs, Mildred Singer, Pearl Tennenbaum, Sylvia Fistel and Bessie Greenbaum. Solo by Helen Dockert.

RE-ELECTION MEETING

Hebrew Weston Sanitarium Club meets at the home of Mrs. J. Sommerstein, 93 Kendal Avenue, Tuesday, October 15, at 2.30 p. m. Re-election of officers. Mrs. M. Mehr will preside.

SORORITY INITIATION

Saturday, October 5, Iota Alpha Pi Sorority, Kappa Chapter, held their initiation ceremony and dinner at a tea room. Those initiated were Misses Florence Cutler, Edith Model and Lillian Rosenthal. An informal house dance was held at the home of Miss Gertrude Krasnow, Palmerston Avenue, in the evening.

BRIDGE OCTOBER 28

Queen Esther Lodge No. 1 Judeans are opening new lodge rooms at the Dominion Hall, Queen and Ossington Ave., Monday, October 28, with a bridge. Tickets from any member. Information from Mrs. Hilda Cohen, secretary, Kingsdale 9006.

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Societies to Form Campaign Teams

"Give While You Live" is again the slogan of the campaign for 1930 funds for the Federation of Jewish Philanthropies of Toronto. Campaign is October 28th to 31st, banquet on the evening preceding the dates. Objective is $150,000 and is $15,000 more than that of last year, the additional funds being required for the expanding program of Federation and its affiliated organizations. Campaign headquarters in the old offices of the Canadian Bank of Commerce, City Hall Branch, in Manning Chambers, corner of Bay and Queen Streets. Telephone numbers are Waverley 4595 and 4596. The formation of a campaign organization is under the direction of Percy Hermant, president of Federation. All organizations, lodges and societies are requested to provide teams of workers. Communicate with J. I. Oelbaum, Executive Director of Federation, who is supervising the organization at campaign headquarters.

Born

At Toronto General Hospital, Friday, October 4th to Mr and Mrs. Egmont L. Frankel, a son, Alan Hartman.

At Toronto General Hospital, Friday, October 4th, to Mr. and Mrs. Lawrence Kert, 161 Welland Avenue, a daughter.

To Dr. and Mrs. Henry Borwick, of Toronto, (née Lil Hummel, of Vienna) at Toronto General Hospital, Thursday, October 3, a daughter.

IN MEMORIAM

The unveiling of a stone in memory of the late Mrs. Florence Lubelsky Berger, wife of Louis Berger takes place Sunday October 13 at 2 p.m. at Holy Blossom Memorial Park, Brimley Road.

Card of Thanks

In loving remembrance of our dear father, Samuel Lederman, who passed away October 13 1924.
You are not forgotten Father dear,
Nor ever will you be as long as life
And memory lasts.
We shall remember thee.
—Daughters and sons

Deaths

Lawrence Miller age 62 of New York, brother of Isadore Miller, Kendal Avenue and uncle of Miss Adelaide E. Cohen, Madison Avenue, died suddenly October 1st, in London, England. Funeral takes place in Toronto.

Engagements

Mr. and Mrs. I. Isenberg, 151 Major Street, announce the engagement of their daughter, Esther, to Meyer M. Ellias, son of Mr. and Mrs. N. Ellias, of Trenton, Mich.

Mr. and Mrs. J. Pearlman, Hurndale Avenue, announce the engagement of their daughter, Frances, to Charles Taylor, son of Mr. and Mrs. J. Taylor. Marriage November 17.

Mr. and Mrs. J. Zeroff, Ky. Markham Street, announce the engagement of their daughter, Helen to Leo Gold, son of Mr. and Mrs. S. Gold, Markham Street.

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Approaching Marriages

The approaching marriage is announced of Fanny, daughter of Mrs. R. Goodman and the late Gabriel Goodman, to Charles Wolfish, son of Mr. and Mrs. L. Wolfish, Tuesday, December 10.

Mrs. B. Foster, of Guelph, Ont., announces the approaching marriage of her sister, Betty Joseph, to Joe Benazon, of London, England, November 27.

HAMILTON

The wedding was solemnized, Wednesday, September 18, at 5 o'clock, in Ohab-Zedeck synagogue, of Goldie Freda (Fanny) Treister, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Treister, 65 Spadina avenue, to Benjamin Falter, son of the late Solomon and Mrs. Falter, of Toronto. The ceremony was conducted by Rabbi Levine, of Hamilton, assisted by Rev. Canon Ladovsky, of Toronto. The wedding march was played by Mrs. Esther Falter, of Toronto, sister-in-law of the groom. The bride, who was given away by her father, wore a beautiful gown of ivory satin and carried a large bouquet of Sweetheart roses and lilies of the valley. The matron of honor, Mrs. J. J. Lewis, a sister of the bride, wore orchid taffeta, trimmed with tulle, and carried yellow roses. The bridesmaids were Miss Shirley Treister, of Philadelphia, (a cousin of the bride) who wore a gown of green tulle and carried American Beauty roses; Miss Sadie Falter, of Toronto (sister of the groom) who wore a gown of pink satin and tulle and carried Ophelia roses; Miss Ruth Rosenburg who wore coral-dotted tulle and taffeta, and carried American Beauty roses; Miss Sadie Lax who wore green satin and carried American Beauty roses. The flower girls were Shirley Chaume (cousin of the bride) in green taffeta trimmed with pink rosebuds and Eleanor Falter of Toronto (niece of the groom) in pink taffeta with green trimmings. Each carried a large basket of flowers. The groom was attended by his brother, Herman and Max Falter, of Toronto. Reception [illegible] Toronto, [illegible] Lewis, [illegible] and Mrs. Ohlem, of Toronto. [illegible] at 8 o'clock in the auditorium of the Ohab-Zedeck temple to 150 guests. The [illegible] reception and dance [illegible] the room were more than

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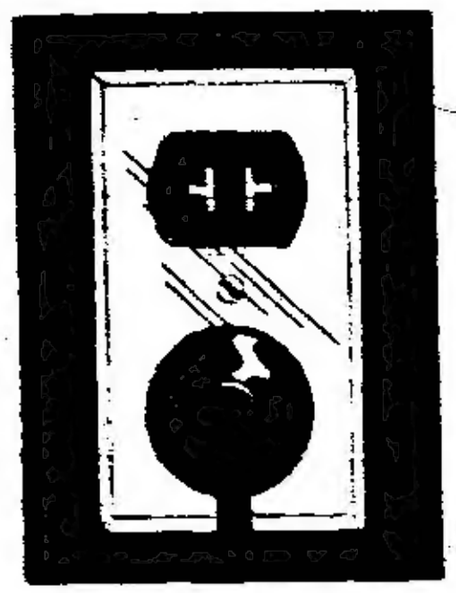
...[illegible] relatives and friends.

The couple left on an extended tour of Quebec, Nova Scotia, Prince Edward Island and Newfoundland and will live on Vaughan road, Toronto.

The wedding was solemnized Sunday [illegible] at the home of the bride's parents, [illegible] Mr. and Mrs. I. Barrack, [illegible] Rev. [illegible] officiating. The ceremony was performed by Rev. M. Levenson [illegible] ...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...[illegible] was arranged with a headdress of pearls and orange blossoms. She carried a shower bouquet of Madame Butterfly roses and lily of the valley. Miss Belle Barrack, sister of the bride, was maid of honor, wearing a gown of peacock blue taffeta and satin [illegible] with [illegible] slippers to match. She [illegible] a bouquet of Ophelia roses and lily of the valley. The attendants were Miss Benjamin [illegible] ... sister of the bride, Miss Clara Barrack, sister of the bride, and Miss [illegible] Levine. Mrs. Berman wore ... [illegible] gown and silver ... Miss Barrack's gown was ... [illegible] and orchid taffeta and her ... [illegible] were Miss Levine ... [illegible] ... The flower ... [illegible] ... The [illegible] ... [illegible] ... [illegible] ...

look, what sort of lines she would like her figure to have. Many a time when I saw a well-dressed American woman in the street I followed her for blocks, scanning the make-up of her cloak, jacket, or suit. I never wearied of studying the trend of the American woman's taste. The subject had become a veritable *idée fixe* with me.

The average American woman is the best dressed average woman in the world, and the Russian Jew has had a good deal to do with making her one.

My Fifth Avenue establishment occupied four vast floors, the rent being thirty-eight thousand dollars a year. The office floor, which was elaborately furnished, had an immense waiting room with gold letters on doors of dull glass bearing the legends: "General Offices," "Showrooms," "Private Offices," "Salesmen. Please show samples of merchandise between 9 and 12 a.m.," and "Information". The "Private Office" door led to a secluded little kingdom with the inscription "David Levinsky" on one of its several doors, another door leading from my private office to the showrooms.

I employed a large staff of trained bookkeepers, stenographers, clerks, and cloak models. These models were all American girls of Anglo-Saxon origin, since a young woman of other stock is not likely to be built on American lines with the exception of Scandinavian and Irish girls, who have the American figure. But the figure alone was not enough, I thought. In selecting my models I preferred a good looking face and good manners, and, if possible, good grammar. Experience had taught me that refinement in a model was helpful in making a sale, even in the latter case, all it is even more effectual case of the least refined of customers than a tempting complexion.

My new place was the talk of the trade. Friends came to look it over. I received numerous letters of congratulation, from mill men, bankers, retail merchants, buyers, private friends. My range of acquaintance was very wide. In hundreds of American cities and towns there were business people with whom my firm was in correspondence or whom I knew personally, who called me Dave and whom I called Jim, Jack, or Ned. So, many of these people, having received my circular describing my new place, sent their felicitations. Some of these letters were inspired by genuine admiration for my enterprise and energy. All of them had genuine admiration for my success. Success! Success! Success! It was the almighty goddess of the hour. Thousands of new fortunes were advertising her gaudy splendors. Newspapers, magazines, and public speeches were full of her glory, and he who found favor in her eyes found favor in the eyes of man.

Nodelman scarcely ever left my place during the first three days. He would show visitors over the four floors with a charming pride, like that of a mother. Among the things he exhibited was the stub-book of my first check account, a photograph of the rickety house where I had had my first shop, and letters of congratulation from some well-known financiers. Bender, with a big, shining bald disk on his head, slender and spruce as ever, was fussing around with the gruff air of an unappreciated genius, while Loeb, also bald-headed, but fat and beaming, was telling everybody about the scrapes he and I used to have on the road when he was a star drummer and I a struggling beginner.

One of the men who came to congratulate me at my magnificent new place on Fifth Avenue was the kindly American commission merchant who had been the first to grant me credit when I was badly in need of it. As I took him over my immense factory, splendid showrooms, and offices, we recalled the days when it took a man of special generosity to treat a beginning manufacturer of my type as he had treated me. That was the time when woolen mills would even refuse a leather with a check of a Russian Jew; he had to bring cash. In the role of manufacturer he was regarded as a joke. By hard work, perseverance, thrift, and ingenuity, however, we had completely changed all that. By the time I moved to the avenue our beginners could get any amount of credit. The American merchants dealing in raw material had gradually realized our energy, ability, and responsibility, realized that we were a good risk, while we, on our part, had assimilated the ways of the advanced American business man.

Another man who came to see my new establishment was Eaton, the Philadelphia buyer who had given me my first lesson in table manners. He had a small, but well-established, business of his own now, and it was with my financial aid that he had founded it. Our friendship had never flagged. Sometimes I go to spend a day or two in the cozy little home in North Philadelphia, where I feel as much at home as I do in Bender's or Nodelman's house.

I assigned one of my office men to the special duty of looking up and inviting Mr. Eyen, the kindly old man who had bought me my first American suit of clothes and paid for my first American bath. He came back with the report that Mr. Eyen had been dead for over four years. The news was a genuine shock to me. It was as though I had come from my birthplace and discovered the death of a half-forgotten relative. It stirred a swarm of memories, but, of course, impressions and moods of that kind do not last long. I received requests for donations from all sorts of East Side institutions, and I responded liberally. Minden, the handsome doctor, made me contribute twenty-five hundred dollars to a prospective hospital in which he expected to be one of the leading spirits.

There was dining and wining. I was being toasted, complimented, served.

One of these dinners was given in my honor by my office employees, salesmen, designers and foremen. Bender, who presided, told, in an elaborate and high-flown oration, of his experiences as my school-teacher, of our walks after school hours, and of our chance meeting a few years later.

Loeb made a rough-and-ready speech, the gist of which was a joke on the bottle of milk which I had spilled while in the employ of Manheimer Brothers and which had led to my becoming a manufacturer. His concluding words were:

"There's at least one saying that has come true. I mean the saying, 'There's no use crying over spilled milk.' Mr. Levinsky, you certainly have no reason to cry over the milk you spilled at Manheimer's, have you?"

I had heard the witticism from him more than once before. So had some of the other men present. Nevertheless, he now delivered it with gusto, and it was received with a hearty roar of merriment, in which his own laughter was the loudest.

Among the people who came to rejoice in my success were some whose appearance was an amusing surprise to me. One of these was Octavius, the violinist, who had had nothing but contempt for me in the days when to go twenty-four hours without food was a usual experience with me. He had scarcely changed. He entered my office with bohemian self-importance.

"Glad to see you, Levinsky. I was glad to hear of your rise in the world," he said, somewhat, pompously. "I can't complain, either, though. However, for fiddle are so different."

The implication was that, while I had succeeded as a prosaic, pitiable cloak manufacturer, he had conquered the world by the magic of his violin and compositions. He never referred to olden times. Instead, he boasted of his successes, present and future. The upshot of the interview was that I sent a check to the treasurer of the free concerts, of which Octavius was one of the founders.

I was elated and happy, but there was a fly in the ointment of my happiness. The question, "Who are you living for?" reverberated through the four vast floors of my factory, and the image of Miss Tevkin visited me again and again, marring my festive mood. My sense of triumph often clashed with a feeling of self pity and yearning. The rebuff I had received at her hands in the afternoon of that storm lay like a mosquito in my soul.

CHAPTER I
BOOK XIII
AT HER FATHER'S HOUSE

I made it my business to visit a well-known Hebrew book-store on Canal Street. I asked for Tevkin's works. It appeared that before he emigrated to America he had published three small volumes of verse and prose, that they had once aroused much interest, but that they were now practically out of print. I tried two other stores with the same result. I was referred to the Astor Library, whose Hebrew department was becoming one of the richest in the world, sitting down in a quiet library to read a book seemed to be an undignified proceeding for a manufacturer to engage in, but my curiosity was beyond considerations of this sort. Whenever I thought of Miss Tevkin I beheld the image of those three books—the only things related to her with which I was about to come in contact.

Finally, on a Saturday afternoon, I found myself at one of the green tables of Astor Library. I was reading poetry written in the holy tongue, a language I had not used for more than eighteen years.

Two of Tevkin's three little volumes were made up of poetry, while the third consisted of brief essays, prose, poems, "meditations," and epigrams. I came across a "meditation" entitled "My Children," and took it up eagerly. It contained but three sentences:

"My children love me, yet my heart is hungry. They are mine, yet they are strangers. I am homesick for them even when I clasp them to my bosom."

The next "meditation," on the same page, had the word "Poetry" for its head line.

"The children of Israel have been penned up in cities," it ran. "The stuffy synagogue has been field and forest to them. But then there is more beauty in a heaven visioned by a congregation of worshipers than in the bluest heaven sung by the minstrel of landscapes. They are not worshippers. They are poets. It is not God they are speaking to. It is a sublime image. It is not their Creator. It is their poetic creation."

Several of the poems were dedicated to Doctor Barbarics, and of these one of two stanzas seemed to contain a timid allusion to Tevkin's love for his daughter. Here it is in prosaic English:

"Saith Koheleth, the son of David: 'All the rivers run into the sea, yet the sea is not full.' Ah! the rivers are flowing and flowing, yet they are full as ever. And my lips are speaking and speaking, yet my heart is full as ever.

"Behold! The brook is murmuring and murmuring, but I know not of what. My heart is yearning and yearning, and I know not of what. I cherish the murmur of the brook. I cherish the pang of my lonely heart."

The following lines, which were also dedicated to Doctor Barbarics and which were entitled "Night," betray a similar mood, perhaps, without distinctly referring to the poet's yearnings.

"Hush! the night is speaking. Each twinkle of a star is a word from the world beyond. It is the language of men who were once here, but are no more. A thousand generations of departed souls are speaking to us in words of twinkling stars. I seem to be one of them. I hear my own ghost whispering to me: 'Alas!' it says. 'Alas!'"

The three volumes were full of farfetched speculations, and my strange mastery of the language only added to the bizarre effect of its terse grammatical construction. I read a number of the poems, and several of the things in the prose stories. His Hebrew is very mannered, and much of the strength and charm of his message is [illegible]. As I read his poetry or prose I seemed to be listening to [illegible] of Isaiah. The rhythm of his

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lines is not the only thing that is lost in my translation. There is a prehistoric vigor and a mystic beauty to them which elude the English at my command. To be sure, every word I read in his three little volumes was tinged with the fact that the author was the father of the girl who had cast her spell over me. But then the thought that she had grown up in the house of the man who had written these lines intensified the glow of her nimbus.

As I returned the books to the official in charge of the Hebrew department I lingered to draw him into conversation. He was a well-known member of the East Side Bohème. I had heard of him as a man who spoke several languages and was amazingly well read—a walking library of knowledge, not only of books, but also of men and things. Accordingly, I hoped to extract from him some information about Tevkin. He was a portly man, with a round, youthful face and a baby smile. He smiled far more than he spoke. He answered my questions either by some laconic phrase or by leaving me for a minute and then returning with some book pamphlet, or newspaper-clipping in which he pointed out a passage that was supposed to contain a reply to my query. I had quite a long talk with him. Now and then we were interrupted by some one asking for or returning a book, but each time he was released he readily gave me his attention again.

Speaking of Tevkin, I inquired, "Why doesn't he write some more of those things?"

For an answer he withdrew and soon came back with several issues of *The Pen*, a Hebrew weekly published in New York, in which he showed me an article by Tevkin.

"Have you read it?" I asked.

He nodded and smiled.

"Is it good?"

"It isn't bad," he answered, with a smile.

"Not as good as the things in those three volumes?"

He smiled.

"This kind of thing doesn't pay, does it? How does he make a living?"

"I don't know. I understand he has several grown children."

"So they support the family?"

"I suppose so. I am not sure, though."

"Can't a Hebrew writer make a living in New York?"

He shook his head and smiled.

The dailies of the Ghetto, the newspapers that can afford to pay, are published, not in the language of Isaiah and Job, but in Yiddish, the German dialect spoken by the Jewish masses of to-day. I asked the librarian whether Tevkin wrote for those papers, and he brought me several clippings containing some of Tevkin's Yiddish contributions. It appeared, however, that the articles he write in his living mother-tongue lacked the spirit and the charm that distinguished his style when he used the language of the prophets. Altogether, Tevkin seemed to be accounted one of the "has-beens" of the Ghetto.

One of the bits of information I squeezed out of the librarian was that Tevkin was a passionate frequenter of Yamplosky's café, a well-known gathering-place of the East Side Bohème.

I had heard a good deal about the resort. I knew that many or most of its patrons were Socialists or anarchists or some other kind of "ists." After my experience at the Cooper Institute meeting, Yamplosky's café seemed to be the last place in the world for me to visit. But I was drawn to it as a butterfly is to a flame, and finally the temptation got the better of me.

CHAPTER II

The café was a spacious room of six corners and a lopsided general appearance.

It was about 4 o'clock of an afternoon. I sat at the end of one of the tables, a glass of Russian tea before me. There were two other customers at that table, both poorly clad and, as it seemed to me, ill-fed. Two tables in a narrow and dingier part of the room were occupied by dishevelled chess-players and three or four lookers-on. Altogether there were about fifteen people in the place. Some of the conversations were carried on aloud. A man with curly dark hair who was eating soup at the table directly in front of me was satirising somebody between spoonfuls, relishing his acrimony as if it were spice to his soup. A feminine voice back of me was trying to prove to somebody that she did much more for her sister than her sister did for her. I was wretchedly ill at ease at first. I loathed myself for being here. I felt like one who had strayed into a disreputable den. In addition, I was in dread of being recognised. The man who sat by my side had the hair and the complexion of a gipsy. He looked exhausted and morose. Presently he had a fried steak served him. It was heavily laden with onions. As he fell to cutting and eating it hungrily the odor of the fried onions and the sound of his lips sickened me. The steak put him in a good humor. He became sociable and turned out to be a gay, though a venomous fellow. His small talk raised my spirits, too. Nor did anybody in the café seem to know who I was or to take any notice of me. I took a humorous view of the situation and had the gipsy-faced man tell me who was who.

"Shall I begin with this great man?" he asked, facetiously, pointing his fork at himself. "I am the world-renowned translator and feuilleton writer whose writings have greatly increased the circulation of the *Yiddish Tribuna*."

Under the guise of playful vanity he gave vent to a torrent of self-appreciation. He then named all the "other notables present"—a poet, a cartoonist, a budding playwright, a distinguished Russian revolutionist, an editor, and another newspaper man—maligning and deriding some of them and grudgingly praising the others. Much of what he said was lost upon me, for, although he knew that I was a rank outsider, he used a jargon of nicknames, catch-phrases, and allusions that was apparently peculiar to the East Side Bohème. He was part of that little world, and he was unable to put himself in the place of one who was not. I subsequently had occasion to read one of his articles and I found it full of the same jargon. The public did not understand him, but he either did not know it or did not care.

As he did not point out Tevkin to me, I concluded that the Hebrew poet was not at the café.

"Do you know Tevkin?" I inquired.

"There he is," he answered, directing my glance to a gray-haired, clean-shaven, commonplace-looking man of medium stature who stood in the chess corner, watching one of the games. "Do you know him?"

"No, but I have heard of him. You did not include him in your list of notables, did you?"

"Oh, well, he was a notable once upon a time. Our rule is, 'Let the dead past bury it's dead.'"

(Continued next week)

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Editor,
Canadian Jewish Review.

Enclosed you will find cheque for $1.75 to cover amount due you up to date, and will ask you to discontinue sending me your REVIEW.

The reason prompting me to take this action is the editorial of your editor, Rabbi Eisendrath, of Sept. 20th. As a national Jew and Zionist I consider his views highly demoralizing and contrary to the facts of history. I do not like to see my children infected with the type of sophistic ideas of the editor. Should your editor be dis-associated from your paper, and a better man take his place, I may see my way clear to renew my subscription.

Yours sincerely,
D. Kertzer,
Toronto.

Editor,
Canadian Jewish Review.

May I be permitted to make some observations on rabbinical editorials in general and particularly on Rabbi Eisendrath's now (in) famous editorial entitled, "We Pacificists," appearing in your issue of the 20th.

Years ago, Holy Blossom Synagogue was fortunate in having as its spiritual leader Rabbi S. Jacobs, a man endowed with piety and honesty of purpose, and gifted by nature with a goodly measure of common sense. These qualities and a generation of unselfish service carried Holy Blossom Synagogue to the fore-front amongst Jewish Communities in Canada, and stamped its spiritual leader as an authoritative mouth-piece for Canadian Jewry.

Rabbi Jacobs passed on, without reaching the fulness of years, and was succeeded by men of the so-called "Modern School." His first two successors were able men in a way, and a credit to their calling. Both of them were young men and in addition to fulfilling the duties usually associated with the Rabbinate, wrote for your paper, on a plethora of topics. Frankly speaking, while we admired and respected these men for certain good qualities with which they were endowed, we nevertheless felt that they had not yet really tasted all the fruits of the tree of knowledge, and they furthermore lacked that mellowness which is attained only through age and experience.

By reason of the high standing of Holy Blossom Synagogue, established before their day, the editorials of these gentlemen gained wide publicity amongst non-Jews and in the secular press, and sometimes sensational and unsound vagaries expressed therein were placed to the debit of Canadian Jewry.

And now, Rabbi Eisendrath, the youthful incumbent of Holy Blossom, is launching into editorials. In his first serious attempt, he had the misfortune to encroach upon a subject whereof he appears to have little accurate knowledge and compromises both himself and our people with a conglomeration of words, which if taken seriously, constitute an indictment against Jewry in general.

Take for example his statement emphasized in italics "In other words, Moses Levy takes his militarism vicariously, by sending John Smith to the front." If this were so, it were better unsaid. If true, it would be to the dishonour of Jewry. Fortunately that statement is incorrect.

Statistics show that in the Great War, in proportion to their numbers in various lands, more Jews fought in all armies than men of other religions. And it is well known that numbers of Jews, when enlisting, allowed themselves to be allocated to the majority religious group in each land, for personal and opportunist reasons.

As for the Palestinian youth, we Jews have always admired them as the elite of Jewry — in valour, sacrifice and altruism. Were it not for their self-defence corps during the last Arab pogroms, when the petty officials in the British Palestinian administration were either unable or unwilling to defend the Jews, the slaughter amongst our people would have been more appalling.

The latter half of the Rabbi's editorial appears based on numberless fallacies, and misconceptions of fact. He sheds tears over the poor Arabs, and almost reprimands Palestinian Jewry for not "dwelling together with the Arab and Christian in harmony and peace." To be charitable to the rabbi, I will not accuse him of imitating the Soviet fraternity who have been congratulating the Arabs on their murder of defenceless Jews as evidence of their "Proletarian revolution against British and Zionist Imperialism."

Rabbi Eisendrath fears that "only greater and world-tottering difficulties might ensue" if the Arabs be restrained with a firm hand. Those in a position to know assert the major cause of the present trouble to be the lack of firmness, combined with the connivance of certain British Officials, all of which encouraged the Grand Mufti and his co-agitators to plan and carry out the recent murders.

The Rabbi's whole editorial seems based on a sad lack of knowledge of this particular subject, and as the dissemination of such wrong ideas might do untold harm to our people in Palestine and elsewhere by creating a false non-Jewish public opinion, I would respectfully suggest that the learned Rabbi confine himself to his own life work.

He may have labored under the impression that Toronto Jewry is provincial and gullible, and it is to be hoped that he is now disillusioned.

It is also well to emphasize that the above observations are not intended to be derogatory any more than it would be to say that the Rabbi is not an efficient surgeon, or an expert shoemaker — the rabbi has had a training intended to produce spiritual leadership, and not either of the above vocations — nor editorialism.

Yours truly,
H. Brown,
215 Huron St.,
Toronto.

PURITY FLOUR

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1 egg — 2½ cups Purity flour
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Pinch baking soda

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Editorial

(Continued from page 1)

militarists and thinking of Palestine reconstruction in terms of military aggression! It is not impossible that the article might fall into the hands of the Arab propaganda bureau, and the use they would make of it would not be helpful to our cause. That such things are not inconceivable will be borne out by the strange incident related us by "Eddie" Gelber recently returned from Palestine. While there, Mr. Gelber told us, he was amazed one morning to read our article on the "Mizrachi Hold-Up" reprinted in the Tel-Aviv "Ha-Aretz" in English with a Hebrew translation, and treated as the subject of a big issue. The amusing feature of th's incident was, that the Mizrachi head finally succeeded in discounting the effect of our editorial by declaring that it was written by a "Reform Rabbi" (what a terrible slander against us!) This goes to show how far the printed word might reach, and the effects it might produce.

Now, once the pro-Arab sentiment was ascribed to Rabbi Eisendrath's editorial it is not surprising that a wave of bitter resentment surged up in the hearts of the Jewish masses. The situation in Palestine was bad. The Jewish people were grief-stricken. While for the most part the civilized world was sympathetic towards the Jews, there were many circles that proved unexpectedly indifferent, if not actually hostile. Comes a rabbi and writes on the subject-parenthetically to be sure, and only incidentally to a main thesis—words that are equivocal and open to misinterpretation. Is it strange that they were annoyed, hurt and shocked?

Well, Rabbi Eisendrath has explained that his ideas are poles apart from those which were unfortunately imputed to him. We take it that the reasonable members of our community will accept his explanation in good spirit, and will receive him as an acquisition to the forces which are striving for a finer and nobler Jewish life in this country. **A.B.B.**

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"TO BE OR NOT TO BE?"

(Continued from page 1)

And down the ages he came with these burning words of his prophetic genius trembling upon his lips and flaming within his eyes. Wandering, wandering, ever wandering on through every age and clime, carrying his message of love and hope, of justice and mercy and peace to a scarred and struggling world. Hoary headed with age, bent with travail and torture, wounded and bruised, but never broken, strengthened by the word of God within—Behold him:

"As down the age he shambles gaunt and gray
With sorry gait and none to bid him stay
We mark what man hath done to man—the Jew
The shrunken shape, the ghetto-gotten hue
Time's tragedy writ large upon his face
The old world weary epic of his race,
But mark—he lifts his head, and we surprise
Some sure soft light of faith and hope within his eyes."

Need we snivel, need we smirk, need we be a race of sycophants, need we cower and fawn, need we surrender? And yet—it is not alone because of such a heritage that I would retain my Jewish identity; not solely because of the "Zechoos Ovos", the "merit of our fathers", not because of our pride in the past, but because of the challenge of the present and the future as well; because there is yet need, ah, what dire need, of the Jew.

Were the leaders of our day—always and wholeheartedly sincere in their idealism, were they ever more loyal to their principles than to their own cults and creeds, I might be tempted to argue otherwise; but as long as I know our age for what it is, as long as my mind has stripped off its shallow veneer, laid it bare of all its illusions, and penetrated to its very depth; as long as I know its pretences and yet recognize its incompatible practice; as long as I observe men who preach Love, practice Hatred; as long as I hear men prate of peace and behold them preparing for war; as long as they sign documents of amity with one hand and create satanic instruments of destruction and death with the other; as long as they worship an Humble Carpenter and yet subjugate the masses, as long as they read the golden rule and yet recognize only the rule of gold; as long as they interpret, or rather misinterpret, every jot and tittle of the sacred book of our people, but continue to despise and to persecute, more subtly than before, but to persecute, none the less, the ancient people of the book; as long as, in theory, they believe in a Compassionate, Merciful, Forgiving and Peace Loving Saviour, and, in practice, they ignore so many of his teachings; as long as, in their churches, they remember piously their Christ and, in the streets and market places, in their schools and homes, they forget, irreverently, the Jesus who made him possible; as long as such incongruities, such hypocricies, such glaring and blatant evils exist, just so long will I not surrender; just so long will I remain true to my Jewish ideals in abject fear that without us, without the Jew to guard them, they might disappear from the domain of man and civilization be doomed to disaster and ultimate death; just so long will there be need not for a personal Messiah perished for our sins in a distant past, but for a Christ people, a Messianic group, willing and eager today, tomorrow, and for all time, to serve, to suffer and to die, if need be, for the sins of all mankind.

Even though we be still hated and despised, made still to traverse the Via Dolorosa of history, as we have throughout our age long past, even though vilified still, and scourged, both here and as so recently, so dastardly, so damnably in far off Zion, rejected still and scorned as were our prophets of the past, as was the Nazarene, as were our people, still must we remain true to these teachings for the sake of all Humanity. It is our mission, our heritage, our privilege, our call. It is our people's heroic answer to the challenge of our time. For this purpose, we exist; for this reason, for this goal, for this ideal; for the fulfillment of this dream and aspiration we can, we must, yea, we will, remain forever Jews, and in the words of the poet Stephen Zweig:

"Wandering down the road of suffering,
Through our trials forever purified;
Everlastingly vanquished, everlastingly overthrown;
Forever enslaved, forever enfranchised;
Unceasingly broken and unceasingly renewed;
The mock and the sport of all nations on earth.
Wandering through the eternities,
A remnant, a remnant,
And yet, numberless,
Marching onward to God,
To God who is the beginning and the end,
To God who is our home."

Rosh Hashonah Greetings Montreal and Toronto

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DR. ARTHUR RUPPIN

OF TEL AVIV, PALESTINE,

Zionist statistician and agricultural expert, at the second session of the Zionist Congress in Zurich, Switzerland.

cited conversion to other faiths, intermarriage, a decreasing birth rate and an unchanged mortality rate as distinguishing forces menacing the continued existence of the Jews as a people.

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